THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXI—No. 1050

JANUARY 16, 1924

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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If you have any difficulty in obtaining 'Dri-ped' Soled Footwear, or if you are offered an imitation of 'Dri-ped' (*i.e.*, leather without the 'Dri-ped' purple diamond mark), please write to Dri-ped, Ltd., Bolton, Lancs. Note carefully the caution.

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THE SUPER LEATHER FOR SOLES

DOUBLE-WEAR BOOTS & SHOES

Insist also on having 'DRI-PED' REPAIRS

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Linen Huckaback Face Towels. Excellent quality. Good, durable make, all pure Linen, Damask borders, Hemstitched ends. Several designs, one of which we illustrate. SALE PRICE

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THE GRAPHIC OF JANUARY 19

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A Striking Illustrated Article on London's Fogs

By GEORGE F. MORRELL

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Training Soldiers in the Snow in Norway:

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THE GRAPHIC

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Wonderful Bargains in all Departments

Wool Stockinette Suit (as sketch) made exclusively for Marshall & Snelgrove from a beautiful quality heavy weight stockinette. In various styles of which the above is a typical example. Usual Price, 11 Gns.

Finally Reduced **5 Gns.**

Coat can be supplied separately, **3 Gns.**

"JOAN."—Dainty Tea Frock in silk georgette with the new double bodice and hanging sleeves, showing the pleated underslip and full skirt, finished with sash to tie as required and lined silk to tone. In several good colours. Special Price, 98/6.

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Attractive Petticoat (as sketch) made in rich quality printed silk with lovely Eastern colourings and designs, smartly cut, full size for ample figure, elastic at waist, thoroughly well made, very durable, finished with deep kilted frill.

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Attractive Hotel Coat made in rich chiffon velvet and lined Japanese silk, distinctive ruched collar, cuffs and pocket to correspond. In Black and a large range of exquisite colourings. Usual Price, 98/6.

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(Debenhams Ltd.)

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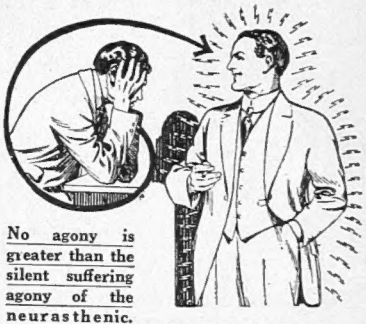
THE GREAT TRIUMPH OF CURATIVE ELECTRICITY.

Not a day passes but some new victory is credited to Curative Electricity. Not a day but some poor nerve-racked neurasthenic derives solace from its soothing influence and blessed relief from pain. From great private hospitals the volume of testimony in its favour is growing daily.

AMAZING CURES.

Mr. J. L. Pulvermacher's advocacy of electrical treatment as the one natural and permanent method of restoring lost Nerve-Force was greeted at first with contempt by all but a few of the more advanced of medical thinkers. His amazing cures, however, demanded more and more consideration, gradually won respect, and to-day there is scarcely a hospital



No agony is greater than the silent suffering agony of the neurasthenic. The nerves literally moan or scream with pain. Keep your nerves well nourished and fit. Neglect them and you suffer an earthly inferno of illness and pain.

or curative institution of any kind where electrical treatment is not employed. Over and over again its successful application has cured after all other treatments have failed, and thousands of the world's greatest physicians and surgeons prescribe and recommend it.

WHOLE NERVE SYSTEM REVITALISED.

Every function, every system, every organ, every muscle, and every nerve cell is operated by Nerve-Force. The Pulvermacher Electrological Treatment restores lost Nerve-Force by means of light electrological appliances, that can be worn with comfort, and which do not interfere with one's daily pursuits. They give no shock to the system, but pour into the depleted or impoverished nerve system a continuous stream of new electrical energy. They increase digestion, assimilation and circulation, and are invaluable in

Indigestion, Constipation, Flatulence, Liver Troubles, Kidney Disorders, Circulatory Weakness, Heart Weakness, Nerve Weakness, Dizziness, and all Functional Derangements.

To-day you can read all about the great triumph of curative electricity in a most interesting little book. The author enunciates the startling theory that all functional disorders arise from a deficiency or a leakage of Nerve-Force, or what to-day is more widely known as

NEURASTHENIA (NERVE WEAKNESS)

Write to-day mentioning particulars of your troubles, age, sex, etc., so that the Superintendent can better advise you. This advice is free. The booklet entitled "Guide to Health and Strength" is also sent post free and without obligation.

There are special booklets for ladies and gentlemen; please specify which is required when writing.

The Superintendent, Pulvermacher Electrological Institute, Ltd., 229 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4.

Health Abounding

You don't need half an eye to see that Mary's "in the pink"—rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, spirits never failing. And you don't need to ask how she does it either. Who could be sick or sorry in the keen crisp air of the mountains, where the most strenuous exercise is turned to pure delight?

At home there's rather a different tale to tell in the winter. You must take your open air exercise carefully in this treacherous, damp climate, or you'll find yourself laid up with a chill or worse.

"But if I can't get exercise," you may say, "how can I hope to keep fit?"

Now the answer to this is no secret. Just these eight words: *It's the little daily dose that does it!*

There are six salts which your body must have for well-being. Every day, if conditions were ideal, your system would extract them automatically from your food and you would be kept automatically in perfect trim. But when your bodily tone is lowered by lack of fresh air or proper exercise, errors of diet, over-work or worry, your organs shirk their duty because they are overtaxed. It's then that you're most likely to contract colds or the 'flu, or any other epidemic that happens to be floating around.

This is where Kruschen Salts come in. As much as will cover a sixpence every morning, tasteless in your breakfast cup of tea, is a day's supply of a perfect blend of the six vital salts, sufficient to keep your eliminating organs keyed up to concert pitch. Your system is freed of all clogging, poisonous impurities. Refreshed, vigorous blood is sent pounding through your every vein. Every fibre of you tingles with vital energy. You, too, have got that "Kruschen feeling."

Begin the habit of the little daily dose at once. You can buy 96 morning "pinches" from any chemist for 1/9. Get a bottle now.

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1s. 9d. bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose described for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1s. 9d. bottle to-day.

The Bystander, January 16, 1924 No. 1050. Vol. LXXXI.

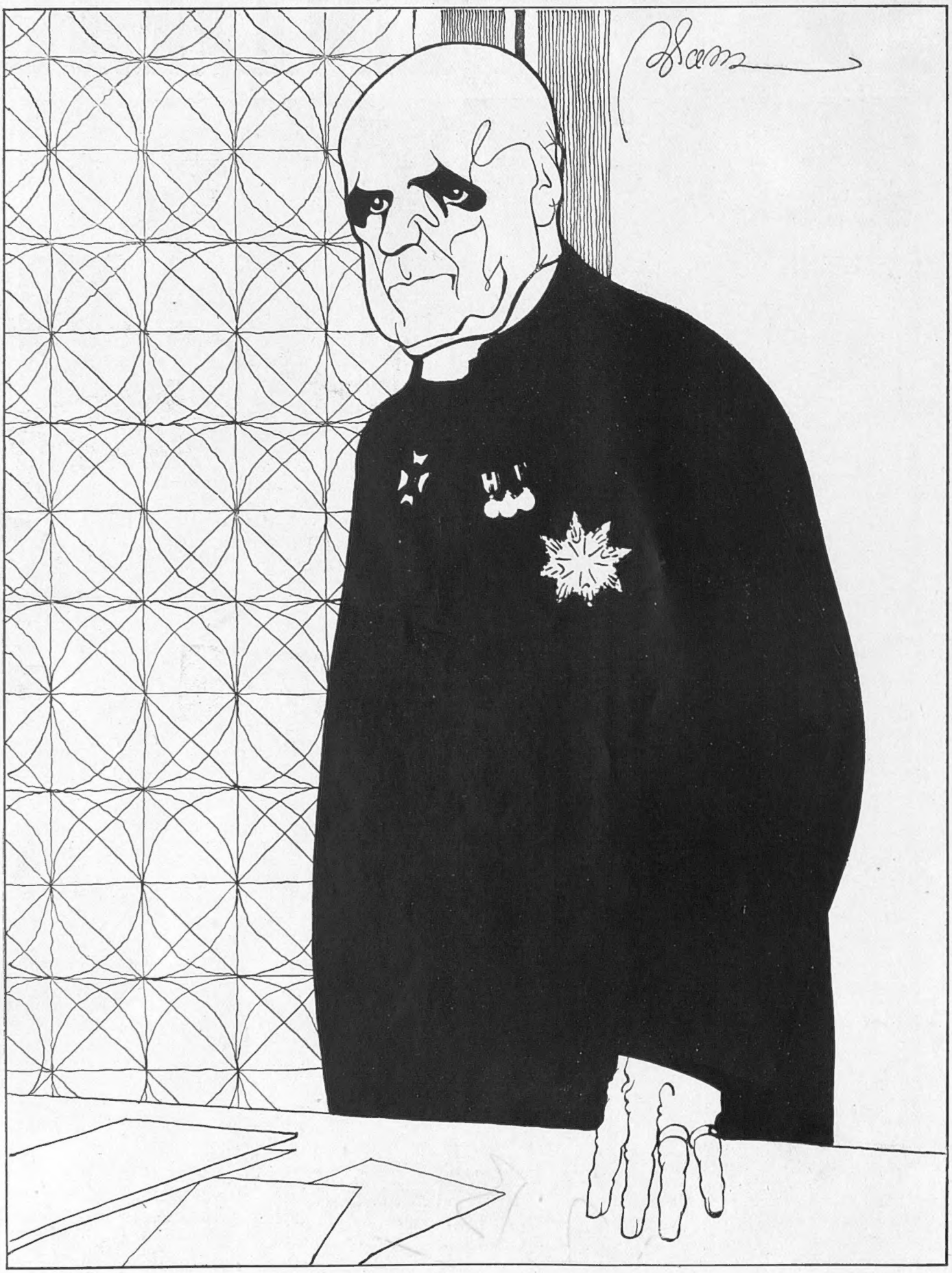
The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MISS CHRISTIAN BOWER

The younger daughter of Major R. L. Bower, C.M.G., who is to marry Mr. John Moubray of the Coldstream Guards at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on January 22

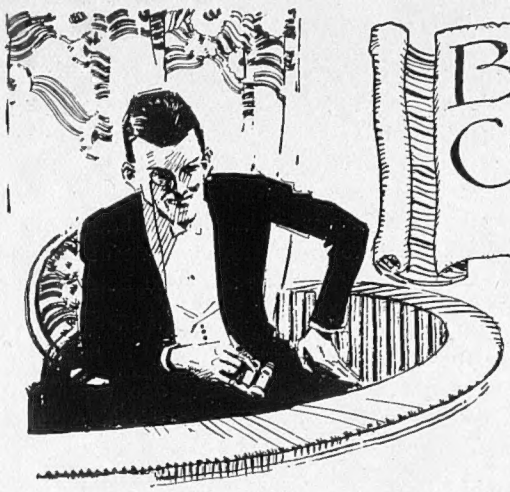
"Who Said Fusion?"



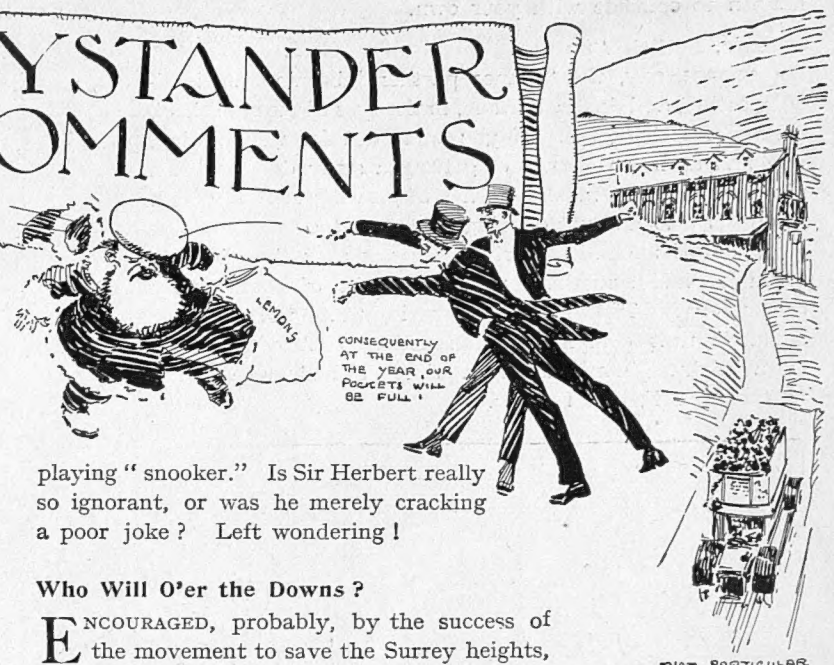
BY BLAM

HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.



A Vintage Year

THE glories of the coming season, with Wembley as its star turn, are being trumpeted far and wide. The Thames is to flow with milk and honey and the streets of London are to be really paved with gold. Splendid!

My Beliefs

MYSELF, I am a great believer in the drawing power of the mammoth British Empire Exhibition—provided, of course, that the football enthusiasts don't wreck the concern at the Cup Final. I feel that the hotels will be full, the shops full, the theatres full, and that, consequently, at the end of the year, our pockets will be full. Which will be very nice for us, don't you think?

It's Up To Us

BUT we mustn't sit down in the pious hope of skimming the cream from the milk without putting ourselves to any preliminary trouble. The hotels must learn to put their big houses in order; the shops must stock themselves to the brim and advertise their wares as though they really wanted to sell them; the theatres must arrange for original attractions instead of littering the stage with flabby revivals that have toured the Continents and the Colonies—then, and not till then, we shall be justified in building extra banks to store our extra money in.

What is "Snooker"?

AT the Middlesex Assizes, Sir Herbert Nield, K.C., is reported to have asked a witness what he meant by saying that he was playing "snooker." Is Sir Herbert really so ignorant, or was he merely cracking a poor joke? Left wondering!

Who Will O'er the Downs?

ENCOURAGED, probably, by the success of the movement to save the Surrey heights, a society has been formed to preserve the beauty of the Sussex Downs. Here is a suggestion that we can support with all the enthusiasm at our command. It is true that the ordinary visitor to Brighton knows as much of Poynings as the ordinary visitor to Mentone knows of Sospel, but there are others who love those "blunt, bow-headed whale-backed downs," as the darkies are alleged to love their old Kentucky homes.

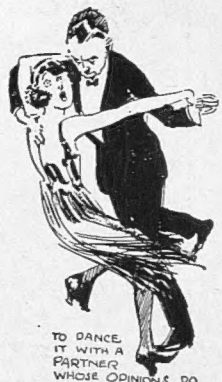
Lonely No Longer

I DON'T know how the new Society of Sussex Downsmen proposes to set about its self-imposed task, but I view with some apprehension the suggestion to set the headquarters in a lonely beauty spot in the Downs themselves. If the movement is as successful as it deserves to be, that particular beauty spot will soon cease to be.

Dancing Partners

IS the day of the "dancing partner" drawing to a close? It was a selfish habit contracted during the transition stage from the old dancing method to the new, when students of the later cult, banded themselves together to fight any retrograde step. "The fox-trot difficult!" they cried. "What rubbish! Look at us!" And they proceeded to demonstrate the truth of the remark by trotting gaily round the floor—but always with the same partner. The fox-trot isn't difficult—when you get the hang of it—but it's an intolerable

THAT PARTICULAR BEAUTY SPOT WILL SOON CEASE TO BE—



TO DANCE IT WITH A PARTNER WHOSE OPINIONS DO NOT HAPPEN TO COINCIDE WITH YOUR OWN—

THE GIRLS WHO HAD GOT DANCING PARTNERS STUCK TO THEM LIKE GLUE.

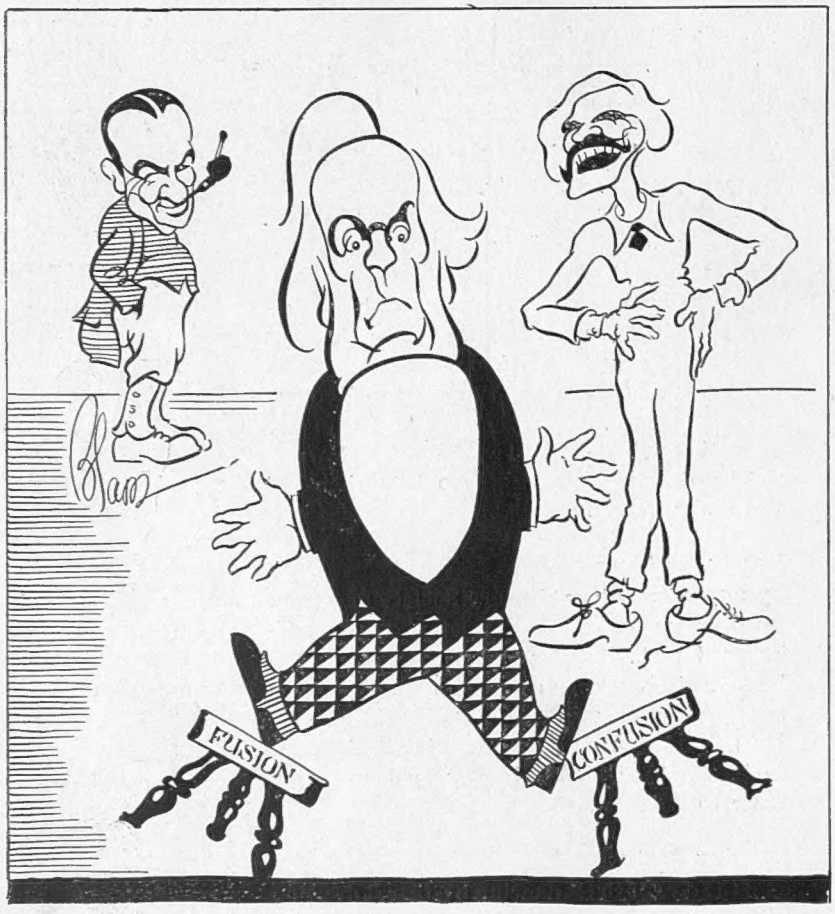
SOME OF US ARE SATISFIED BY ATTACHING ONE CRITIC TO OUR PERSON—.

STRANGE HAPPENINGS THAT OCCUR IN THE COLONY OF FILM STARS AT LOS ANGELES

infliction to dance it with a partner whose opinions do not happen to coincide with your own.

Solemn, Selfish Affairs

ACCORDINGLY, the "dance partner" became an institution, and dances became, in the eyes of the old school, solemn, selfish affairs. If you went out for the evening, you had as much chance of getting a stray dance with a nice new girl as a mushroom has of growing in the Strand. The girls who had got dancing partners stuck to them like glue, and if uncharitable rivals suggest that the shortage of males had something to do with it, of course, they are wrong. The real answer is that the fox-trot demands that complete understanding that cometh not in a night. Once upon a time I had a dancing partner myself, and I know.



"BETWEEN TWO STOOLS" By BLAM

Nemesis

AND now, see what a rod these same "dancing partners" have made for their own backs. In the fulness of time, they have either married or agreed to separate, and, as you do not need to be told, either alternative is fatal to the old order of things. You can't dance twenty-four fox-trots running with a man you have married—or with whom you have quarrelled—it simply isn't done. And, as all the available males have dancing partners of their own, life begins to present problems that you had wotted not of in the old care-free days. No wonder the hair of the modern hostess is streaked with grey.

Pity the Poor Film Star

VARIOUS theories have been put forward to explain the strange happenings that occur from time to time in the colony of film stars at Los Angeles, but I dare to suggest that the correct one has not yet been advanced. Your stage star, being brought in direct contact with her adoring public, has her very natural craving for appreciation appeased. Each night she can lay her head on her pillow content in the knowledge that her public still loves her. Your film star, on the other hand, has no such comforting assurance. She is torn by doubts and fears and the thing gets on her mind.

Concerning Critics

THE critic is, surely, the guide, philosopher and friend of the reading and play-going public. He tells us what we should seek and what we should avoid. He saves us much money in the course of the year—money that we should otherwise have expended in reading bad books and seeing bad plays—and we are naturally grateful to him for that, whatever the authors of the said bad books and bad plays may have to say about it.

The Trouble Begins

SOME of us are satisfied by attaching one critic to our person. We pay our penny and we do what we are told. That is simple, but others of us, being more ambitious, hitch our wagons to more than one guiding star—and then the trouble begins. Take my own case. During the week of which I am writing, two different plays were produced—*A Magdalen's Husband*, a tragedy at the St. Martin's, and *Puppets*, a revue at the Vaudeville. Of the tragedy, my first critic says that it is "in every way the best . . . . exactly the kind of thing . . ." and so on, whereas my second critic remarks callously that it "had better have remained within the covers of its binding." Would you believe it possible that two sane men could so vary in their opinions? Do you pity the author at the mercy of such weathercock criticism? And have you no tear to shed for *my* unhappy lot?

Those Spoonerisms

I ENJOYED the best laugh I have had for weeks in reading a list of "Spoonerisms," said to have fallen from the lips of the retiring warden of New College, Oxford. Try to read the following without a smile: Is it kistomary to cuss the bride? Pardon me, you are occupewing my pie. A man was boiling his icycle. Three cheers for the queer old dean. . . . The last quoted may not be quite obvious, until I remind you that it occurred at the time of the Jubilee celebrations.

How's That?—

SOME of my readers have been considerably exercised in their minds by Laurie Tayler's jolly picture, "192—Fore," in our New Year number. In it a chubby little fellow in what might be taken for the uniform of a junior section of the Boy Scouts was knocking a chunk out of old Father Time's ear with a wooden driver—the junior B.S.'s one good deed a day, probably. On the tee was a sand-box with the figures 365 large enough for all who ran to read. That, as Captain Hook would say, was where the Kanker K-nawed.

—Not Out!

MANY kind readers, among whom I noted a great many unmarried ladies, have written to point out that as 1924 is Leap Year, the number on the box should be 366. I have been accused of deliberately withholding the fact that this year is Leap Year, for fear of having my sanctity of bachelordom invaded. (How do they know I am not married?) I have been asked for rewards. I have been threatened with calendars and diaries in profusion. Readers, I thank you one and all, but the answer is obvious. The little fellow was playing on January 2—the date of our issue. *So he has* 365 *days to go.*

The March of "Progress"

BY E. T. REED

There are lots of little things we shall have to get used to when Labour comes into its own—and other peoples'!

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WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph BEAUFORT PERSONALITIES [*Sport and General*

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, who last week entertained a house party at Badminton on the occasion of the Beaufort Hunt Ball, held in the Town Hall at Chippenham. With them is the Marquess of Worcester, who last year married Lady Mary Cambridge

The Prince in Paris

CONTRARY to expectation, the Prince of Wales did not go to the Riviera. He paid a flying visit last week to Paris instead, going there, as his grandfather did so frequently, as Earl of Chester. But the Prince did not repeat history by going to the Hôtel Bristol in the Place Vendôme, where for many years the late King Edward always had the same suite of rooms. He preferred the Hôtel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli, with its wide view over the Tuileries Gardens.

The Place Vendôme, nowadays, is not the quiet square it used to be when King Edward was a visitor at the Bristol. The Ritz Hotel brings a constant stream of motors and taxis, and as the Ritz and the Bristol are on the same side of the Place and not far from one another, visitors to the latter hostelry look directly on a ceaseless stream of vehicles, especially at tea-time when *tout Paris* and visitors hie them to the Ritz to *five o'cloquer*.

The Prince paid several visits to Paris from the front during the War, but this, I believe, is only his second visit direct from England. And, what a difference between the Prince of Wales of the first visit and the Prince of Wales of the second!

Then, he was little more than a schoolboy, and so shy and silent that his host and hostess, the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil, could scarcely get a word out of him. They took him sightseeing indefatigably, so much so that it was sufficient to give a grown man—let alone a boy—mental indigestion. But despite his shyness and silence there were already indications of the charm and interest in other people's doings and concerns which were brought out and developed in the Prince by the War, and young as he was he made a pleasant impression on the French people with whom he came in contact.

This second visit, although the Prince is *incognito*, will likewise please the French people, which is just as well in the present state of European politics.

Photograph *Central News*

AU REVOIR!

The Earl of Athlone and family photographed on the eve of their departure for South Africa, where Lord Athlone will take up his duties as Governor-General. With the Earl and Princess Alice are their son and daughter, Lord Trematon and Lady May Cambridge

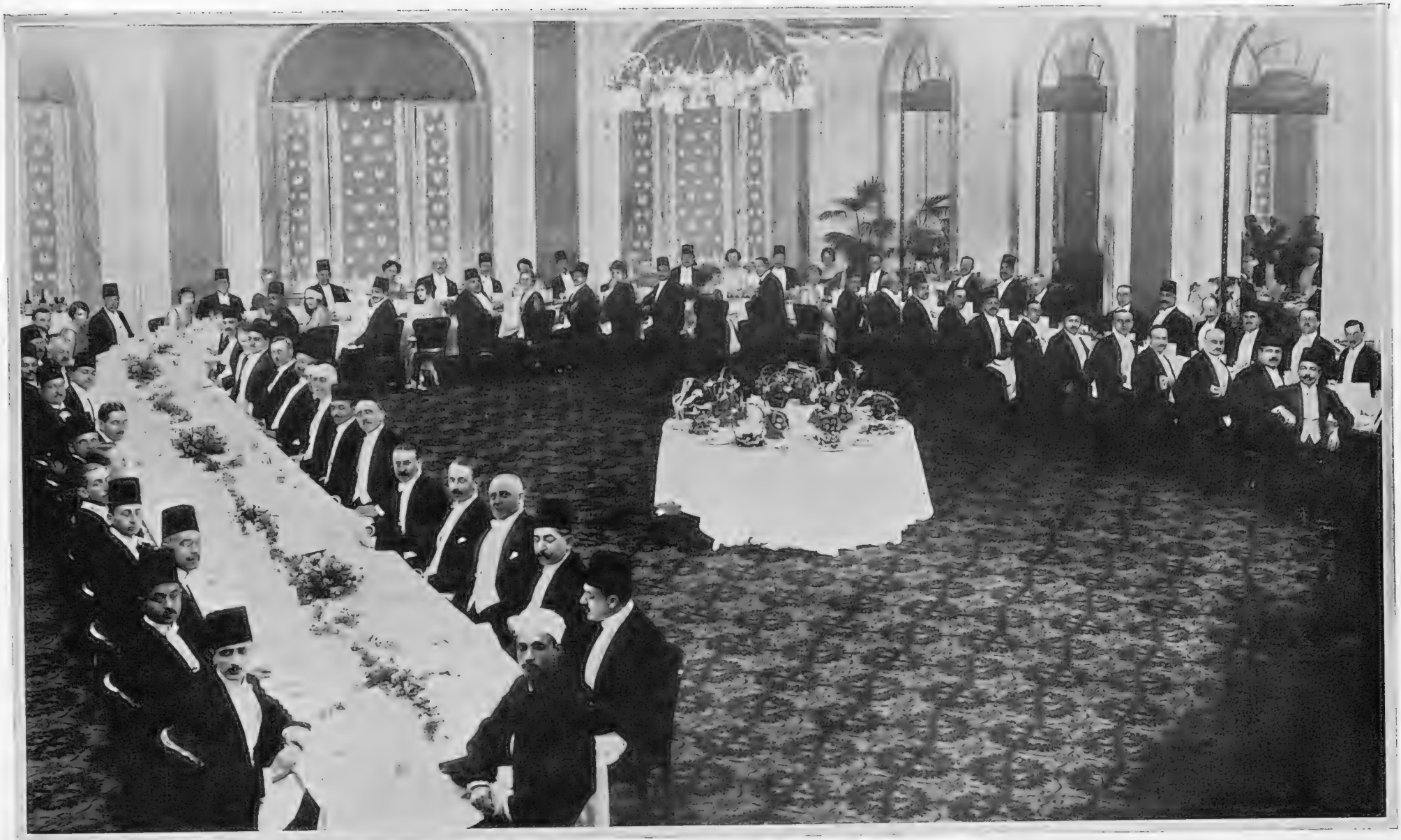
The Order Reversed

THERE is rather an interesting point in the Earl of Athlone succeeding Prince Arthur of Connaught as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Union of South Africa. Hitherto, Prince Arthur has always followed Lord Athlone, who is his third cousin, and nine years his senior. He followed him at the same preparatory school, at the same house at Eton, at Sandhurst, and then into the 7th Hussars, with which Lord Athlone had served in Matabeleland five years before Prince Arthur joined the regiment.

Politics and Snow

POLITICS and the snow have been the two chief topics of conversation during the week. As somebody said, "Two slippery subjects." The opening of Parliament brought peers and peeresses flocking to London, there being a general feeling that with all sorts of possibilities ahead folks ought to show as strong a support as possible of the Throne and all the Throne

(*Continued on page 123*)



Photograph *W. Hanselmann—Cairo*

MAKING HISTORY IN CAIRO

The distinguished gathering at the farewell banquet given by His Excellency Aziz Izzet Pacha, before his departure to London as the first Egyptian Minister to the Court of St. James. In the photograph, which was taken at the Semiramis Hotel, Cairo, are Lord and Lady Allenby, all the Ministers, the Residency staff, and leading members of the British colony. Izzet Pacha, the new Egyptian Representative, was educated at Cambridge and Woolwich, and served as a Second Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery. He acted as A.D.C. to King George on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to the Sudan

Photograph IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY [*Marcus Adams*

The Countess of Airlie with her daughters Margaret (left) and Victoria. Lady Airlie is organising the ball in aid of the Prince of Wales' Sea-Training Hostel, which takes place at Claridge's on January 22. The Prince of Wales has promised to attend if he is in town on that date

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

stands for. As for parties by political hostesses, all the great ladies are marking time. Lady Astor has given a party to meet the women Members of Parliament, but it was only political in the sense that the greater number of the guests were politicians, but they were of all shades of opinion.

This is a momentous week for everybody, and the world which amuses itself and other people, as well as the world which works, is watching keenly to see what is going to happen. There are some nervous people who prophecy a flight of Duchesses to Paris with their best tiaras concealed in chest protectors, and profiteers over-running the Channel Islands. But anything can happen in politics, and I shouldn't be surprised if—well, wait and see! Some people can be over-confident, and from the outside it looks amazingly easy to drive the car of Government. Likewise the seats of the mighty can very quickly become seats of thorns, especially when those seats are in the Cabinet room at Downing Street.

A Rumour

ANOTHER topic sandwiched in between politics and the snow is the possible announcement of an engagement between one of the King's two younger sons and the youngest daughter of one of our leading statesman, who would have been Prime Minister if he had not been a peer. The lady is charming, and if there is actual substance for the rumour the match would be popular, I think. The lady's mother was an American, so if matters are decided as it is said, the young Prince ardently desires, we shall see the grand-daughter of an American millionaire daughter-in-law to the King of England. But rumours don't make marriages do they? Sometimes they have the contrary effect.

Photograph *S. Feather*

THE ALLIANCE OF YORKS AND LANCS

The Hon. Sylvia Hotham, the elder daughter of Lady and the late Lord Hotham of Beverley, Yorks, with her fiancé, Mr. Ralph Assheton, of Clitheroe, Lancs. The wedding, which will be on January 24, will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

The First Socialist Countess

LADY WARWICK is not, as some imagine, the first Socialist Countess. The remarkable wine-destroying Rosalind of Carlisle was her predecessor. Her Socialism began at home. By her orders the servants called all her children by their Christian names, and she insisted on equalities that were particularly startling to guests who did not know her opinions.

Another of her objections was men-

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

LADY MARY THYNNE

The youngest daughter of the Marquis of Bath, who is to go to South Africa as Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Alice, the new Governor-General's wife

servants. At one time there were twenty-four maids at Castle Howard. A noted *litterateur* of the day once paid a visit to Castle Howard, taking with him an Italian man-servant who spoke very little English.

On the first evening of his visit when he went to bed he found the Italian in his bedroom, waiting to tell him that he would not stay in the house. He was the only man in a household of twenty-four women! One meal in their company had been sufficient. He was frightened, and the thought of sitting down to table with twenty-four women for six days on end was more than he could bear. He wanted to leave the house that instant, but his master persuaded him to stay the night, and the next morning despatched him to Scarborough, where he remained until the *litterateur's* visit was concluded.

At Rosalind, Lady Carlisle's death two years ago, Castle Howard passed to the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, the uncle of the

England's Winter Sports Rival Last Week
The Social Round in Switzerland

Photograph *Central News*
LADY OLIVIA TREVOR AND HER HUSBAND, CAPTAIN STEPHEN TREVOR, AT PONTRESINA

present Lord Carlisle. It is one of the biggest houses in England, and has a façade over three hundred feet long. The Middleton Hunt Ball took place there last week.

Photograph *Topical*
LADY MILLICENT TAYLOUR,
(Lord and Lady Headfort's daughter) at St. Moritz

Drummond's Bank

THE amalgamation of Drummond's Bank with the Royal Bank of Scotland leaves only two private banks in London. For over two hundred years the bank has been in Spring Gardens, its founder, Andrew Drummond, starting there as a banker in 1697 with money entrusted to him by supporters of the Stuarts.

The founder of the bank was an ardent Jacobite, and in consequence received the support of many wealthy Scotsmen. Every ledger has been kept, and in those of the eighteenth century you will find the names of the Duchess of Hamilton, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquess of Lothian, the Earl of Kinnoull, the Earl of Sutherland and many other great Scotsfolk.

Despite his Jacobitism, Andrew Drummond found favour with George III. That monarch banked with Coutts, but when he discovered that the head of Coutts had provided the money for his "revolutionary" son-in-law, Sir Thomas Burdett's election expenses in the famous Westminster election, he withdrew his account and placed it with Drummond's.

But Coutts took a revenge, the effect of which has lasted down to our time. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent and George IV, followed his father's example and banked at Drummond's. After one of the periodic scandals about the Prince's debts, George III asked Andrew Drummond not to lend his son any more money. Drummond obeyed the Royal command, whereupon the future George IV went to Coutts, who lent him a prodigious amount of money just to "get a bit of his own back" on George III.

The result was that Coutts had George IV's account as Prince of Wales, Prince Regent and Sovereign, and each succeeding Sovereign has banked there. Besides our own Royal family, most of the Royal families of Europe have accounts at Coutts.

Photograph *Central News*
MISS A. J. MULLENS, MR. CHARLES MULLENS AND LADY MULLENS AT ST. MORITZ

The Head of Drummond's

THE head of the bank is Mr. George Drummond. He is a great hunting man, and early in the Prince of Wales's hunting career stabled the Royal horses

Photograph *Alfieri*
SHOVE HA'PENNY—SNOW VARIETY
The start of the shovel race during the gymkhana at Suvretta House, St. Moritz

Photograph] PLOUGH MEN AND WOMEN—À LA SUISSE *[Central Press*

A group of earnest ski-ers about to start for a run at Mürren. Names: (Left) Fritz Staeger (a well-known guide), Mrs. O'Leary, Mr. M. R. Quin, Miss B. O'Leary, Dr. A. P. Evelyn O'Leary, Mr. H. H. Burdett and Miss A. O'Leary

Photograph *Central Press*

MR. JACK RICH, COLONEL RICH AND LORD HARCOURT AT MURREN

at his place in Northamptonshire. Mr. Drummond's father, the late Mr. George H. Drummond, built himself a most lordly pleasure house called "Swaylands," at Penshurst, in Kent. It had five front doors—most bewildering for the caller to decide which of the five bells to ring, and you generally pulled the wrong one.

"Swaylands," with its five front doors, its ballroom and the suite of rooms built specially for the entertainment of Royalty, was acquired by the Government after Mr. Drummond's death as a hospital for officers suffering from shell-shock and other lasting maladies caused by the War.

Another Peerage Extinct

ANOTHER peerage becomes extinct by the death of Lord Masham. The title is an old one, and does not suggest the comparatively recent ennoblement of a brilliantly successful manufacturer. Once upon a time, the barony of Masham was held by the old North Country family, the Scropes of Danby, but it became extinct in their line also.

When the late Lord Masham's father, who was the pioneer in the waste silk industry at Bradford and invented machinery for its utilisation, was offered a peerage after having refused a baronetcy, he asked the then head of the Scrope family whether he had any objection to his taking the title of Masham. Mr. Scrope of Danby, who was a great admirer of Samuel Cunliffe-Lister, as the first Lord Masham was then known, said he knew no one he would wish to bear the old Scrope title except Cunliffe-Lister. And so the ancient title rewarded the genius who discovered the possibilities of waste silk.

The late Lord Masham, who lived at the family place, Swinton Park, Masham, in Yorkshire, was the third baron. He succeeded his brother six years ago, and leaves no heir.

Photograph *Central News*

LADY D'OYLEY CARTE AT PONTRESINA

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE RT. HON. LEOPOLD AMERY AND HIS SON, JULIAN, AT PONTRESINA

Ambassadorial Residences

UNTIL Mr. Pierpont Morgan gave the United States his house in Prince's Gardens, that country had no official residence in London for its Ambassador. Each succeeding envoy from America rented his own house. Mr. Harvey, for instance, was in Chesham Place, and Mr. Walter Page, his predecessor, in Grosvenor Gardens.

But the house in Prince's Gardens needs considerable alteration to fit it for the uses of an Embassy with chancelleries and other necessary accommodation, so until it is ready, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg have taken Crewe House, in Curzon Street. Mrs. Kellogg, it is understood, intends to entertain a good deal this season. The new American Ambassador could not have chosen a house more suitable for the purpose.

Lord Crewe bought the house — then known as Wharncliffe House — from the Earl of Wharncliffe at a price approaching a

Photograph] A SHOOTING PARTY IN YORKSHIRE [*Sport and General*

Sir John Frankland-Payne-Gallwey's shooting party at Thirkleby Park, Thirsk. Our photograph shows: Capt. Mungall (left), Mr. Basil Godfrey, Mrs. Alfred Curnick, Mrs. Colin Wyllie, Capt. A. J. Curnick (a prominent figure in the Whaddon Chase country, now doubtless at peace with the world), Mrs. Mungall, the host and hostess, and Mr. Colin Wyllie

Photograph *Sport and General*

A "FRIENDLY" AT MOOR PARK

Lady Carisbrooke's team of Lady golfers and their opponents from the Moor Park Golf Club after their game, in which the Men were victorious by 48 holes to 8. The Men conceded six (and in four cases, nine) strokes a hole, but the odds were not big enough. Among those playing were Miss Cecil Leitch and Mr. T. A. Torrance

hundred thousand pounds, twenty-five years ago, when he married Lord Rosebery's second daughter, Lady Peggy Primrose. It is over two hundred years old, having been built early in the eighteenth century by Shepherd, whose name still survives in Shepherd's Market, and who naturally created the region known as Mayfair, which took the place of Soho as a dwelling place of the modish and fashionable.

"This King Business"

THE American author, Mr. Frederick L. Collins, of *This King Business: Intimate Accounts of Royalty as a Going Concern* (Werner Laurie), takes a gloomy view of all the monarchies of Europe save our own. The cover of the book tells us that "here, in one timely colourful volume," we shall find intimate accounts of Royalty, and "Royalty on its last legs, the tottering dynasties of Spain, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Denmark."

Mr. Collins is amusing if you accept the fact that his knowledge is not quite so intimate as his title would lead you to suppose, and that at times he has trustfully listened to hearsay which was all wrong. His book has been obviously written for America, and contains references and comparisons which are double Dutch to English readers. Here is a surprising piece of information concerning Prince Henry and Prince George, in a chapter headed "These Windsors."

"In the meantime it is a refreshing thing to see the two younger boys making their way across the Green Park, the public playground between Buckingham Palace and Piccadilly, Henry walking backward and George frontward, making a good American baseball fly between them in an exceedingly stiff 'game of catch.'" Has anybody ever seen this "refreshing thing"? I doubt it.

According to Mr. Collins, most of the other monarchs of Europe are living with their boxes all ready packed for immediate

Photograph] WHEN MASTERS MEET [*Topical*

Five Masters and ex-M.F.H.s at the Staintondale Hunt Ball held at the Royal Hotel, Scarborough, last week. They are (seated): Captain Renwick (left), Master of the Goathland and one of the best-known racing men in the North, Mr. J. C. Oates, Master of the Staintondale, and Mr. Claude Norton, who resigned his Mastership of the Derwent last week. Standing: Messrs. Halliday Huggan and S. S. Lockwood, ex-Masters of the Staintondale

Other Sorts of Winter Sport
Society takes the Field

Photograph *Alfieri*

A PEACEFUL DAY IN THE WHADDON COUNTRY

Mrs. Lovett (left) and Captain and Mrs. R. C. Falconer at a meet of the Whaddon Chase at Horwood House, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Denny's Winslow residence

Photograph *Alfieri*

WAY DOWN IN WALES

Miss Harley (left), the Hon. Anne Lewis and Mr. W. Hamfield appear to be quite satisfied with the way events are shaping at the Tenby Hunt Steeplechase Meeting

departure out of their respective countries. This is what he says about our Royal Family:

There is an almost uncanny wisdom in the way these hard-working Windsors go about their work. In most countries the people become restless under too many Royalties with too little to do. They get tired taking off their hats to a lot of useless people they don't know. But English Royalty keep a small working staff of princes and princesses and dukes and queens, each with a job and each known to the man in the street. And only the working staff is visible."

The Prince of Wales' Sea-Training Hostel

THE Countess of Airlie asks me to tell you that she is arranging a ball at Claridge's on Tuesday, January 22, in aid of the funds of the Prince of Wales' Sea Training Hostel for Boys at Limehouse. The hostel, which was established by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and in which the Prince of Wales is especially interested, is doing splendid work in training boys, who are orphans, or whose parents cannot afford to give them a start, for the merchant navy. The tickets for the ball, including supper, are £2 2*s*. each or £10 10*s*. for a block of six. They may be obtained from the Countess of Airlie, 112, Gloucester Place, W.1.

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT THE 'CHASES

General Sir Ivor Philipps (left) watching the parade at the recent Tenby Steeplechases. With him are Miss Mirrlees and Major Mirrlees, engaged on precisely the same pursuit

Photograph *Alfieri*

"HERE THEY COME"

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes-Morgan watching one of the events in the Tenby Hunt Steeplechases from the "grand stand" which appears to have been designed with a view to utility rather than comfort

Photograph] THE FINALS OF THE MIXED DOUBLES AT CANNES *[Sport & General*

Mademoiselle Lenglen and C. F. Aeschliman in action against Mrs. Satterthwaite and J. M. Hillyard in the final of the mixed doubles at the Beau-Site tournament. The match was a very fine one, Mrs. Satterthwaite and her partner being twice within a point of the first set which they eventually lost by 10—8. They won the second set by 6—3, thanks chiefly to Mrs. Satterthwaite's accurate lobbing, but lost the third by 6—0

Photograph *Sport and General*

TWO TO PLAY

Miss Meagher and Lady Barnard all ready for the golfing fray on the links at Mandelieu. Strange as it may seem, we have no idea what they are discussing!

The Riviera Week by Week

THERE are quite a number of people bathing in the sea at Cannes every day, and they look perfectly happy about it. This shows how warm the January sun can be on the Riviera, and this present month, although not up to its usual standard, has at least been miles better than in any other part of Europe. All open-air sports are now in full swing, with the exception of polo, which only gets into its real stride after this week, and the crowds of promenaders on the Croisette and the Boulevard du Midi have never been so large at this time of the year. Everyone is following with keen interest the work on the new Galeries Fleuries, and bets have been made on the actual opening of the first shops, which cannot be far off. It will be a unique and very smart addition to the town.

THE tennis tournament at the Beau-Site was a great success. It finished in a blaze of sunshine with a series of really thrilling matches. Suzanne Lenglen, making her first appearance of the season in partnership with the ever-agile Aeschlimann, has never had a more strenuous half-hour than she did in the mixed doubles final against Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mr. J. Hillyard, who were at the top of their form, and she narrowly escaped defeat. A large and very smart crowd of people playing truant from church for the occasion—for the championships were not concluded until Sunday—got very excited about it, and even the diminutive dog which invariably accompanies the Lenglen family yelped with alarm until Suzanne pulled up in the last set and triumphed.

ONE of the largest and most sporting family parties ever seen in Cannes was certainly that of the Earl and Countess of Derby, who came to the Beau-Site in time for the New Year celebrations, accompanied by Lord and Lady Stanley, the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley, Major the Hon. Oliver and Lady Maureen Stanley, Captain Bullock and Lady Victoria Bullock, the Hon. George Lambton and Major H. M. Milner, while Lord Charles Montagu had arrived a few days earlier. Lord Derby has had to return to the political world, but most of the party are staying on.

EX-KING MANOEL and his wife are coming to Cannes on the 17th for their usual long visit, and will be seen at all the tennis tournaments. He plays quite a good game, always entering under the name of the Comte d'Ourem, and when he is not playing he makes an excellent and very appreciative spectator. The King of Sweden will soon be here, rather earlier than usual, and he is bringing a very first-class Swedish player with him this year. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster, after a visit to Monte Carlo, are now at the Metropole, and the Duke of Newcastle is expected shortly. Other interesting arrivals include Lady Ribblesdale, another tennis enthusiast, Lady Eaton of Toronto, who has taken the Villa Alexandra, a large villa in the Egyptian style on the Route d'Antibes, the Countess of Onslow, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Vickers, Viscountess Falmouth and her daughter, the Hon. Boscawen, H.R.H. Prince Said Halim, a nephew of the King of Egypt, who married

Photograph] *[Central Press*

WAITING THEIR TURN

Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis and Miss Orr-Lewis watching the play for the Challenge Cup at the Carlton Club Annual Tournament at Cannes

last May the pretty daughter of Colonel Stanley Bird, and who is installed at the Hotel des Anglais, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, back at the Villa Luna Nuova, Sir Walter and Lady de Frece, Mr. and Mrs. Solly Joel and a party at the Carlton, Countess Poulett—described in a local paper as Mrs. Sylvia Poulett !—Margaret Lady Waterlow, and Maud Lady Orr-Lewis and her son and daughter-in-law.

No New Year ever had a warmer or a merrier welcome here than 1924. There were big dances in all the leading hotels and restaurants, including a very bright fancy-dress ball at the Beau-Site, and an excellent gâla at the Carlton. The

Photograph *E. Navello*

THREE SUN-WORSHIPPERS

Lady Parry, Miss Doris Tyser and Admiral Sir John Parry enjoying the sunshine at Monte Carlo

Restaurant des Ambassadeurs was crammed to the very doors with notable people, and over three hundred applications for reserved tables had to be refused during the day. Everybody for miles around had arrived by midnight, when the orchestra played all the national anthems it could remember, and everyone cheered wildly as though claiming some share of the credit for the alteration in the date. It was only after many had adjourned to the Baccarat Cercle that those who remained could really find room to dance in comfort.

Race week at Nice is one of the most popular events in the long programme of entertainments, and this year the first Sunday's sport, favoured by an exceptionally brilliant day, attracted a record crowd from all parts of the Riviera. There were visitors from nearly every part of the world, the English and American naturally, most prominent among them. In the evening everyone returned to take part in the *Twelfth Night* galas, which were the feature of all the principal resorts where one eats and dances, and eats again. The Negresco was one of the gaiest of spots, and the dancing of June Day and Jack Gavin was immensely enjoyed by the guests, who included, among others, Rudolf Valentino and his wife, who have been at the Château of Juan-les-Pins pretty often this winter. Nice and the district, by the way, is rapidly becoming the Los Angeles of the South, for quite a number of important cinema companies, attracted by the climatic conditions, and the wonderful varied scenery alike, are making pictures around here. Sessue Hayakawa and his wife are hard at work on a new picture, and many other stars have been recently shining on the Côte d'Azur, whose names are better known to the man in the street than to the astronomers.

Photograph *Sport and General*

KEEN CRITICS

Lady Crosfield, Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mr. Raymond Storer watching the play in the Beau-Site Tournament. Lady Crosfield was beaten in the second round

Golf is going strong at St. Raphael, and the Dormy House is full up. Under the new secretary, Captain Howard Hall,

Photograph *L.N.A.*

TWO "WELL-KNOWNS"

Lady Stanley (left) and the Duchess of Westminster on the Beau-Site Courts

Photograph *E. Navello*

OUTSIDE THE METROPOLE

Sir Francis Towle and Mr. A. E. Malone, two well-known figures, both on the Riviera and in the West End, snapped at Monte Carlo

the course is in better form than it has ever been, and the players are highly pleased with the state of affairs. Colonel Douglas D. Green and Colonel Rawlinson are among the most active members, and a long list of interesting events has been announced for the season, including, of course, the two cups presented by The Bystander, the Brook Cup, and trophies offered by Coirier, Baron de Susa Deiro, and the tradesmen of St. Raphael.

Sir Ernest and Lady Berkeley are staying at the Villa Les Roches, Nice, and other residents include Mr. and Mrs. Percy Fielding, of the Château Fielding, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Newnham, the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme, Colonel and Mrs. Geoffrey Porter, Major and Mrs. Rattigan, Captain R. Rushbrooke and Major and Mrs. Pulteney. D. W. T.

BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS. *Heading by E. T. REED*

THE CATSQUITH THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF

(With Apologies to Rudyard Kipling)

HEAR and attend and listen, O, my Best Beloved, for this befell and becropped-up when the Tame politicians were wild. The Baldog was wild and the Lloydgeorse was wild, and the Ramsheep was wild—as wild as wild could be—and they walked in the Wet Wild Constituencies waving their wild minorities But the wildest of all the wild politicians was the Catsquith. He walked by himself, and all places (in the Cabinet) were alike to him.

Of course, Britannia was wild, too. She was dreadfully wild. She lived in a nice clean cave, and she was afraid that the wild Ramsheep would come and wipe his muddy hoofs on it. So she decided to sing. And the song was "No taxes on the people's food." This was the first Vote-catching Magic in the world.

Out in the Wet Wild Constituencies all the wild politicians gathered together and listened to the voice, and wondered what it meant.

Wild Baldog lifted up his wild nose, removed his wild pipe from his wild mouth, and said, "I will go and see. Catsquith, come with me."

"Nenni," said the Catsquith. "I am the party which walks by itself, and all places (in the Cabinet) are alike to me."

"Then we can never be friends again," said Wild Baldog, and he trotted off to the cave. Britannia laughed when she saw him, and said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Constituencies, guard my cave from the Wild Ramsheep, and I will give you as many bones as you need." And Wild Baldog promised to do this as long as he was able.

"Ah!" cried the Catsquith, who had followed Wild Baldog, and listened to their conversation, "this Baldog is a very foolish person. I will help the Ramsheep to enter the cave so that he shall lose his bones." And he went back through the Wild Wet Constituencies waving his Wild Minority and walking by his wild lone.

Next night Britannia sang again. And the song was, "We'll give the earth to the farmers." And this was the second Vote-catching Magic in the world.

Out in the Wild Constituencies all the Wild politicians wondered what had happened to Wild Baldog, and at last Wild Ramsheep stamped with his hoof, and said, "I will go and see why Wild Baldog has not returned. Catsquith, come with me."

"Nenni," said the Catsquith. "I am the Party which walks by itself, and all places (in the Cabinet) are alike to me. I will not come." But all the same he followed Wild Ramsheep softly, and he hid himself where he could hear everything.

When Britannia saw Wild Ramsheep at the mouth of the cave she was afraid, and said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Constituencies, what do you want?"

And Wild Ramsheep saw all the beautiful hay stored up in the cave for a rainy day, and he sprang upon it. But Wild Baldog bared his fangs, and in a moment they would have come to bites had not Wild Catsquith shown himself at the moment to Wild Baldog. Remembering that he could never be friends again with Wild Catsquith, Wild Baldog leapt upon him instead, and was so led away by Wild Catsquith into the Wild Wet Constituencies where both of them spent their time waving their Wild Minorities.

In the meanwhile, Wild Ramsheep did as he liked in Britannia's cave, ate up all the nice dried grass and wiped his muddy hoofs on all the best sheepskins.

One night Wild Baldog spoke to Wild Catsquith and said, "The Woman in the Cave is unhappy. Come with me, and together we will turn out Wild Ramsheep."

Catsquith said, "I am the Party which walks by itself, and I shall not help you." But all the same he followed Wild Baldog to the cave.

And while Wild Baldog was driving out Wild Ramsheep, Wild Catsquith made his way to a bowl of milk and so let Wild Baldog gain the victory undisturbed.

And when Wild Ramsheep had been driven out again into the Wild Wet Constituencies, Britannia saw Wild Catsquith for the first time, and she said, "We have no more need of either friends or servants in our Cave."

Catsquith said, "I am not a friend and I am not a servant. I am the Party which walks by itself, and I wish to come into your Cave."

Britannia said, "Then why did you not help Wild Baldog to fight Wild Ramsheep?"

Catsquith grew angry and said, "Has Wild Baldog told tales of me?"

Then Britannia laughed and said, "You are the Party which walks by itself. You are neither a friend nor a servant. You have said it yourself. Go away and walk by yourself in all places alike."

"If you can," cried Wild Baldog. "Had you helped me I would have shut my mouth for always and always and always, but *now* I am going to hunt you up a tree whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Baldogs do after me."

And from that day, Best Beloved, four proper men out of five threw stones at the Catsquith whenever they saw him, and all proper Baldogs chased him up a tree. But the Catsquith merely spat and continued to go out to the Wet Wild Constituencies, waving his wild minority and walking by his wild lone.

A Trunk Call

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Intrepid film producer, disguised as a currant bun, cinematographing wild elephants at play

The Children's Hour in the Hunting Field

Photographs

WELL MET AT THE MEET

The Misses Diana, Pauline and Isolde Whichcote hold two trumps of the Belvoir Pack during the recent meet at Aswarby Hall. The hounds appear to welcome the attentions of the "Young Visiters"

Central Press

MORAL SUPPORT

The Misses Ruth and Joan Watts and Master Bobby Edgeley set the pony a good example in keeping "quite still, please," on the appearance of the camera-man at a meet of the Belvoir

Photograph *British Illus.*

"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

Some grim-visaged veterans of the hunting field face the photographer preparatory to performing "desperate deeds of derring-do" with the Hursley. The small gentleman in the centre appears to take the occasion particularly seriously

PARIS NIGHT LIGHTS

By
E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

No. III—The Embassy

(Jardin De Ma Sœur)

IF you want to make obeisance to the majesty of the violet night in the prescribed manner, Oscar Mouret will put himself completely at your disposition for this purpose.

Oscar Mouret, who, by the way, is the brother of Maurice, the dancer, is one of those phenomena who, on a gala night, when he has an announcement to make, can stand on the dance floor at the Embassy and make it in perfect Parisian, and then turn round to the other side of the room and repeat it, in perfect American. And when you get a shrewd American doing business in the Gay City, and talking to his waiters faultlessly in their own patois, that man has a big start on the tortuous road to success.

Although the night lights in Paris do not burn for very long, being obliterated sooner or later, generally sooner, by a three-hundred candle-power lamp that begins to blaze suddenly elsewhere, I fancy Oscar and his Embassy will endure for some time, because of its characteristics, which are peculiar, and of Oscar's personality, which is attractive and compelling.

"Le jardin de ma sœur"

Why *le jardin de ma sœur?* Because the whole effect of the dancing-room-cum-restaurant is that of a garden. You sit on garden chairs at garden tables under garden lamps. You are surrounded by a thousand flowers, cunningly painted on trellis-work. A common or garden cat (*papier mâché*, and, alas! sometimes the target for champagne corks) walks sedately on the eaves of the gallery above your head, and, furthermore, you assuage the inveterate thirst from a bottle reposing in ice in a garden tub. Yes, but the *Ma Sœur* part of the business? The explanation of that is merely the whim of a great French artist, with a touch of humour, who, admiring the scheme of the decorations one night, and seeing lots of other men's sisters sitting about, said, "*Non, mais franchement, c'est le jardin de ma sœur.*"

But it is the Embassy, really, and all that Embassies imply. Just for fun I looked one night down the list of tables reserved. They were dazzling in their familiarity and greatness. Not crowned heads of kingdoms (they can't afford it) so much as dictators of international business; masters of fox-hounds from home; ladies whose theatrical salaries if all pooled would make a certain impression upon the credit side of the national debt; men who, when in full dress, blaze with Orders; women who, when quite the reverse, blaze with diamonds about the size of an ordinary pat of French butter, and the genuine article at that.

The Embassy has three attributes which cause the discerning crowds to flock up the red staircase. An atmosphere of intimacy, sprayed like scent about the room by the moving presence of the *patron*, Oscar, who deals personally with the wants of individuals, and sees that they get them, and quickly. Excellent ventilation and as excellent and not too crowded a dancing floor, the two latter amenities representing the be all and end all of most people. *And* the best band in Paris. I was going to say "and a Coon Band." But there are other so-called Coon bands,

thrumming about Europe, and the description miscarries accordingly. I believe their official designation is "The International Five." I don't quite know why. They should, of course, have been known as "The Big Black Five." They are all of them first-rate singers and musicians and as black as coals in the scuttle, rather a pathetic, gentle quintette, I always think them, soaked in syncopation, and caring for little else. Nevertheless, they dominate the proceedings from beginning to end, and you come away, the soles of your evening shoes appreciably thinner, with something very akin to affection for those smiling, deep-voiced, simple black fellows.

I have been with people at the Embassy who are "certainly *not* going to dance to-night; not likely. We'll just have some eggs and bacon at Oscar's and go quietly home to bed." People who talk like this deceive themselves and the truth is not in them. The only folk who do not dance when the Big Black Five purr over their instruments are the very old, the very infirm (someone having trodden heavily on an ankle last night), and he or she, a *rara avis*, who have literally never danced before and do not, therefore, know how. Without any of these afflictions you will be moved from your table towards the parquet remorselessly, inevitably, at about the third bar of the enormous saxophones; and there will you stay, sliding about during the three encores, your eggs and bacon meanwhile becoming a congealed and forgotten mass upon the distant plate. The height of my financial ambition would be to have a couple of hundred founder's shares in the Dance Club Syndicate that eventually gets these Five Blacks to London. But Paris will not part with them while dancing provokes the feet of mankind.

When there must really be a little breathing space, please, to adjust slipping shoulder-straps, make little dabs at the hair, and paint the lily of the lips with little gold sticks from gay silk bags, lights are thoughtfully lowered for a brief spell while Peggy Marsh, with the famous legs, dances a Spanish dance, wildly acclaimed; the Thomson Sisters take the floor, imparting the breezy cordiality of Lancashire into their speech if you dance with them subsequently—and Harvey, the biggest of the Big Blacks, sings snatches of opera to you in three languages, in a rich baritone.

The galloping Major, out for a spree in Paris "don't-you-know-although

"Oscar Mouret"

I'm-not-much-of-a-dancer—what," has no welcome here. Neither has the Collegiate, as the young man is called in Paris, who does "stunt" dancing with an adoring *ingénue*, or a woman too old to know better, to the detriment of other peoples' comfort on the floor. These types simply fade early away, and die their unnatural deaths in Montmartre, thank goodness.

The Embassy is a perfectly straightforward dance club in everything but subscription. The decree of Paris custom is that you pay nothing to go in anywhere. Having got in (you don't always succeed in this on a crowded night) you have to order champagne even if you don't drink it. That is, as it were, the *prix d'entrée*. I think it is a pity, in spite of the floating population (unlike London) which is here to-day and gone to-morrow, that a few *pukka* clubs are not started in Paris.

If there were, Oscar Mouret would immediately have a longish waiting list.

Maron Cook and Louis Douglas gather bouquets in "The Garden"

NEXT WEEK!

IV.—"LE PERROQUET"

"O.M.T.'s"

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

The Old Merchant Taylors are now, without doubt, the strongest of the "Old Boy" Rugby football teams. Indeed, though somewhat heavily beaten by Guy's Hospital two Saturdays ago, they may fairly claim to be one of the strongest teams in London, as they were for several seasons before the war. They have beaten Cambridge and the London Scottish, have run the Harlequins to a point, and have played close games with Bristol and Gloucester. Cove-Smith, their captain, is an English International, and so is Cheesman, a "die-hard" who gained his cap in 1913

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

MR. JACK JONES is said to have aspirations towards the Speakership of the House of Commons. In our opinion the installation of such a loud speaker would be a grave error.

. . . . . .

SOME of his supporters are loudly saying, "Alasquith," while many of our French friends are murmuring, "*Àbas*quith!"

. . . . . .

Quoth a card-playing chum to his chummie,
"Odsbodikins, also Lor' Lumme,
When I came to the club
For my usual rub,
They remarked, 'though it's rum, this is Rummy!'"

. . . . . .

A CELEBRATED rookery close to Oxford is to be destroyed. It will be truer than ever now to refer to that illustrious city as the home of lost cawses.

. . . . . .

Two Bradford merchants, both over sixty years of age, have been engaged in a bout of fisticuffs. One of them, of course, was worsted.

. . . . . .

HAND-PAINTED coats, designed by well-known artists, are now said to be worn in Paris. Personally, we do not believe in wearing our art upon our sleeve.

. . . . . .

IT is the diminutive half-back, after a vigorous tackle, who properly realises the power behind the thrown.

. . . . . .

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER at Bolton fell and seriously injured himself. He must have evidently had more than a touch of the flue.

. . . . . .

A WINE and spirit merchant's premises in a town in the Midlands has been gutted. All the whisky, however, was saved, which seems to denote that another brand has been plucked from the burning.

. . . . . .

A LONDON professor has just completed a monumental work upon sleep. We have, ourselves, a nodding acquaintance with the subject.

. . . . . .

WAISTS are to be slimmer than ever. But we know one wilful waist that won't be.

. . . . . .

A LADY teacher of dancing in Ealing conducts correspondence classes in the art of solo dancing. We suppose she makes use of a special *pas seul* post.

. . . . . .

WE imagine that the phrase about the "hair of the dog" should only be used as a sop to sober us.

. . . . . .

FISHING is said to be a favourite sport of several Labour Members. We do not know, however, who has the best right to be known as "The Compleat Wangler."

. . . . . .

RUSSIAN peasants are again being expropriated from their fields by the military authorities. "Watch your steppe" might serve as a motto for them.

. . . . . .

"WHICH school would you recommend, Oundle or Oakham?" asked a parent of the educational expert. "Well," replied the latter, "I shouldn't pick oakum!"

THE story had been told of the old lady who sometimes sits and sews, and sometimes just sits.

"Mummy," asked little Joan, who had a fondness for the *Jungle Book* and other yarns of Mr. Kipling's, "is that one of the Just Sew stories?"

. . . . . .

MUSICAL comedy actresses have not the monopoly of modesty. Yet it is extraordinary to note the large proportion of them who are content to be seen and not heard.

. . . . . .

"MRS. SMITH and Mrs. Brown request the pleasure of Master Thompson's company at a children's party."

"Pa," queried Master T. after reading the invitation, "is that a message from Mas?"

. . . . . .

A PREPARATION is now on the market which completely tans the skin. But the old-fashioned strap used to do it just as completely.

. . . . . .

A MUSICAL critic praises the exquisite modulation of the orchestral music in the latest production at Daly's Theatre. But does not an old proverb say that modulation is the thief of time?

. . . . . .

LAST week a buoy broke loose from its moorings in Falmouth Harbour. We find the Buoy Scoot movement everywhere.

. . . . . .

"WHAT were you in civil life?" asked the bold, bad Baron of a robber in the *Babes in the Wood*.

"A remover of superfluous heirs," replied the desperado, who was promptly engaged.

A WEE BIT FISHIE

By STAN TERRY

"Caught anything?"
"N-no. But I've seen one go by"

Should a Doctor Tell?

BY WILMOT LUNT

ACTRESS: "I have a certificate from my doctor saying I can't act to-day"
MANAGER: "Oh! Why only 'to-day'?"

WHAT A GAME!

By GILBERT DAVIS

I LIKE spending the week-end with the Frisbys; they are such a jolly young couple.

It was after dinner, when we were all sitting round the fire, that Mrs. Frisby asked me, "Can you play Mah Jongg?"

"Is it a waltz or a fox-trot?"

"It's a game," my hostess glanced at me reproachfully. "The oldest game in the world."

I assumed a determined-looking attitude. "Nothing doing," I said. "You know I'm a confirmed bachelor."

"Don't be silly." Mrs. Frisby rose to her feet, and fetched off a side table a wooden box marked with Chinese characters.

"We'll teach you," she said. "Now get up and help me bring this small table near the fire."

Obediently I hauled myself out of my comfortable arm-chair, and lent my assistance to the furniture moving.

"It's two thousand years old," said Mrs. Frisby, as I backed across the room, trying to keep the lower rail of the table off my shins. I dropped my end and stood back admiringly.

"Not really!" I said, "and it looks as though it had just come from Maples. Wedding present, I suppose?"

Mrs. Frisby sighed. "Not the table, silly. I mean Mah Jongg."

I expressed my regret, and helped to place three ordinary chairs round the table; then we all sat down.

Bill Frisby opened the wooden box, and soon the table was covered with countless small pieces of ivory decorated with various designs.

With great patience, Mrs. Frisby proceeded to explain their significance to me.

"These," she said, "are bamboos; those are circles, and that's a character."

I nodded intelligently. "What's this?" I asked, picking up a piece which was perfectly plain.

"White dragon," said Bill. He pushed two more pieces towards me. "Red dragon, green dragon; they're double, you see."

"Yes," I commented, "when one sees coloured dragons, everything usually does appear double."

Bill smiled politely, but his wife looked slightly annoyed.

"And what's this?" I asked, quickly, picking up a piece at random.

"That's a bamboo," said Mrs. Frisby, wearily. "I've told you about those already."

"So you have," I apologised, and sat meekly waiting for further tuition.

Mrs. Frisby introduced me to four pieces with letters in the corner—the four winds—they appeared fairly simple.

Suddenly a very jolly looking piece caught my eye. "What ever's that?" I demanded, pouncing on it with my finger.

"That's a flower-pot," said Bill, "we don't bother about those."

"Why not?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Frisby, "now we each build a wall."

"Balbus built a wall," I quoted. "I always wondered why he was so industrious. Two thousand years old you said? So he was really playing Mah Jongg."

But my host and hostess were busy piling up the pieces in long lines, two deep, so I did likewise.

When everything was neat and tidy, Bill produced some dice.

"Now we throw to see who shall be East Wind," explained Mrs. Frisby.

With great solemnity we each threw the dice in turn. I threw last and rolled out a couple of sixes.

"You're East Wind," said Bill.

I shivered. "Is that why I'm sitting furthest away from the fire?"

"Throw again," Bill handed me the dice, "to see whose wall is to be broken."

At last the research work was finished, and Mrs. Frisby showed me how to deal.

Apart from the fact that I dealt the wrong way round, I accomplished the affair quite satisfactorily. When I had finished, Mrs. Frisby discovered my error. We put all the pieces back on the wall, and I dealt again.

Mrs. Frisby began to get enthusiastic. "Isn't it a jolly game?"

"I really don't know," I said. "I'll tell you when, if ever, we start playing."

"Tell him about Pong and Chow," said Bill.

Mrs. Frisby hesitated—then "Bill, you tell him."

"Don't if you'd rather not," I said. "Though as an old friend of the family you can rely on me to keep the secret of any skelet——"

At that moment the maid entered.

"Please, madam, you're wanted on the telephone."

While Mrs. Frisby was out of the room, Bill and I lit fresh cigarettes. Evidently Bill didn't feel equal to explaining Mah Jongg without his wife's support.

Then Mrs. Frisby burst in again. "It's Elaine," she said. "They're having a little hop to the gramophone, and they want us to come over."

"Good!" I moved towards the door. "Come and teach me the 'Blues.' After Mah Jongg I'm sure I shall find it quite simple."

By GRAHAM SIMMONS

"SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE CASE"

BUSINESS MAN: "Good heavens, that reminds me. I promised to take my wife to the sales to-day!"

A Green (Grass) Widow

BY ARTHUR FERRIER

"I had a long talk with your husband on the links yesterday"
"Really? He's an extremely interesting man—as far as I can remember"

Aladdin Up-to-Date: Almond-Eye

THE SCENE IN THE ROYAL PALACE

POLLY—MORE OR LESS ORIENTALISED
Miss Lilian Davies as the Princess Badroulbadour

AN OUTWARD AND VISIBLE PROFITEER
Mr. Ivan Berlyn as Kozan, the rich merchant

Photographs

"Almond-Eye," the new musical play at the Scala Theatre, treats in a Chu-Chin-Chowish sort of way of the stormy course of true love e the raising of treasure trove from the Dragon Cactus Cave—a sort of Chinese Almond-and-Rasin' affair in fact. As our photographs sho newish voluminosities are morely Oriented than high-borns of China." And from a

En Grand Spectacle" at the Scala

THE SUMMIT SCENE—A RIOT OF COLOUR

A BIT OF OLD CHINA
Mr. Reginald Dane as the Emperor Shu-ta-Chen

Foulsham and Banfield

A CHINESE MOTHER—NOT MA JONGH
Miss Gracie Leigh as Cha-Ku, mother of the redoubtable Ya-Mao

veen Almond-Eye, the Emperor Shu-ta-Chen's daughter, and Ya-Mao, a poor and dole-less Chinaman who aspires to Almond-Eye and the settings and costumes are exceedingly lavish; according to Mr. Yogo Hama, our Eastern authority, "the Hon. English fairs in accounts the singing is delightful, so the plot need not matter very much

"On Show" Sensations

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

No. VIII.—A KENNEL NOTE

". . . After several years' experience as an exhibit, I have no hesitation in saying that the female of the human species regarded as an exhibitor, is infinitely preferable to the male."—*Extract from the Letters of an Alsatian*

"COMMENTS ON CURRENT POLITICALS AND SO FORTHS"

AN ILLUSTRATED LETTER FROM OUR JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

KINDLY to depict as heretoforely these intellectual discussings which I shall now divest as follows.

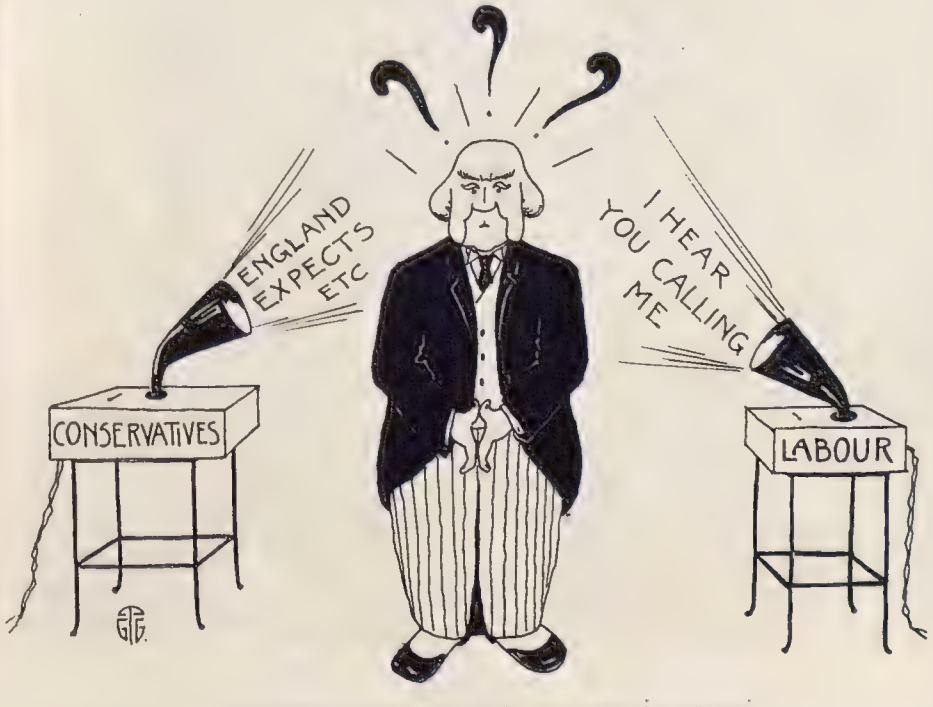
1stly, I do not feel so very gay and mirthish after perusing studiously the prophetic horrors for anno 1924, which Hon. Sir Old Moore and other prognostics have promise. Indeedly no, for I suffer considerable humps accompanied with the blue fits and other symptoms. The world, I have learn from these ancient soothers, shall very suddenly deflate during concurrent year with loud bustings and puncs very distressing to timid persons. Surely this are very saddish news if authenticate, and should cause inconveniences to many respectful citizens, especially pension persons who may expect to live many 100's of years. But how shall we escape this worldly calamity, if same shall prove official? Shall not government persons construct air vessels which may conduct us to Mars or other British astrals, so we may continue to suffer civilisation blessings and other sweetish afflictions? Yes for surely, let us build these sausage airiables with utmost speeds so we may preserve our modest bacons and other family treasures.

"O yes, this are all very prudential and so forths, Mr. Y. Hama," you adumbrate snishishly, "but constrain to suppose these Hon. prognostics have made to back the non-running gee and only score a nil?" That may be very much so, I repart, but do not be too speedy to feel gay. I have consult other Hon. prophetics and if the world should not explode according to plan, they have promise upheavings, floodings, draughts, revolutions, train collidings, boat sinkings, also many popular demises, marriages and other earthly disasters. Hon. sporting friend with irreverend outlooks inform me these soothers back their prophetic gees both ways for a place, but how should such ancient wisdoms care for carnal sportings, I interrog? These are very gloomish forbiddings, so I do not know if to conduct a gay life because it shall be abbreviate in its blooms, or continue to acquire virtuous knowledges so as to develop a reverend old age.

But let us not morose too bluishly, but consider the worldly joys and other globular pomps while we have good healths. "How of the Hon. politicals and other entertaining topicals," you require? This, Hon. Sir, are very kaleidoscopic interrogation for non-initiated persons. To my insignificant thinkings it makes to appear that Hon. Sir Baldwin and Hon. Sir Asquith have stepped into the vernacular soup with all feet. Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir Baldwin are very much in the quag because Hon. Sir Asquith will not kiss him to make friends, so he must eat worms from the garden. Also Hon. Sir Asquith cannot tell which are the best advisings, or who he shall embrace, and so he are cleft in a stick.

"Prophetic horrors for Anno 1924"

But how of Hon. Sir Ramsey, are he not a very darkish quadruped? O yes, I believe me! Perhapsly it shall be that we must all be Socials and give our cashes to poorish but unmeritorious persons by act of parliament and do only 1½ hours of work a day. But suppose foreign persons should snap to seize British trades, what exportings should we preserve exceptly good friend and brother speeches? Then we should live like some lily in a field which has not any garments and eats only air. So let us hopefully incline that Hon. Sir Asquith or Hon. Sir any persons shall lift up Hon. socks and seize the dilemma by the tusks, otherwisely we may become Bolos and live in soviats, which are considerably insanitary



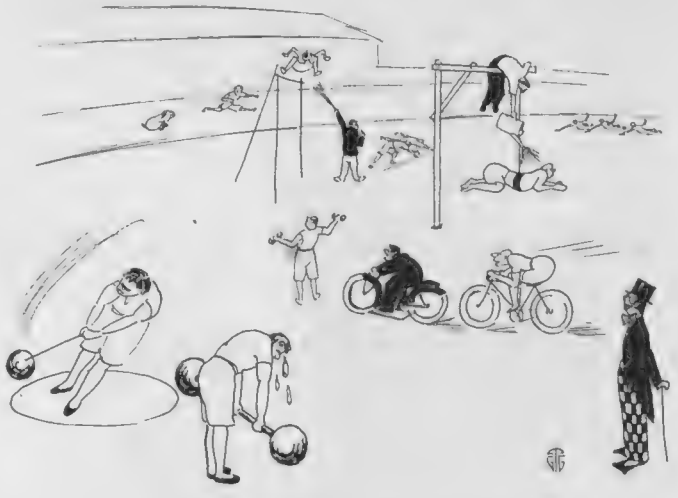
"Let us hopefully incline that Hon. Sir Asquith shall lift up socks"

"I have receipt of feathered whisper from small sporting sparrow"

Indubitably yes, the situation are very emergent and who shall extract us from our quandaries and other impediments, I seek to ask? How much better it should be if Hon. Sir Baldwin, Hon. Sir Asquith and Hon. Sir Lord George submerged their hatchets and shed brotherly weeps down respectful Hon. necks reciprocatively! Then we might all conduct our businesses without disturbance of political pops and bangs, so everyone should be very gay and sing "Yes, we do not have any bananas to-day."

I have receipt of another little feathered whisper from small sporting sparrow. It are that Hon. Zev, the transpontine velocity horse, will race in Ascot for the champion speedship. We should hope the Hon. British gees will adjust their peckers and arrive home beforehands with many romps. How saddish it should be if Hon. Sir Ascot's gold cup should be acquired by aforesaidly American fillet! But joy thought, perhapsly Hon. Zev will be so exhaust after speed combat with Hon. Epinard, the French spinach horse, he will not have strengths to cross the Atlantics and will be washed away in currant. O yes, but this are bad sporting wish, so let us hope he will experience indifferent winds and reach the goal posts many pants behind the British speedsters. Then we shall all ejaculate "Banzai!" or other hips and seek to collect disconsolable Hon. our puntings from Booking gent.

I have learn that the 1924 Olympics will be raced in Paris, and many good sporting persons will cross the chops to observe this happy game. Alreadily British sportsters are producing muscular developments at the Xtal Palace in short pants and other athletic apparels. These are very hardy persons who should give the Paris sportsters many beans to nil and return with laurels and other muscular triumphs. I salute my hat to Hon. British gymnastics and wish them good lucks and many happy returns.



"Muscular developments in short pants"

The great London sale combats have almost reached their conclusions, which are cheerish and peaceful thought. I had not hithertoly witness a sale combat and my apprehensions were evolved at spectacle of many Hon. ladies performing footbladder scrummages and other ruggings outside a femn emporium. 1stly, I think there must be a conflagration or other impediment, till I observe that Hon. ladies were scrumming to get in and not to exit. Perhapsly, there are wild oxes or very mad canine in the vicinities, I meditate, and these belligering fairs are seeking a safe deposit. But I do not observe any undomesticated animals or other scares, whereforely I approach Hon. pedestrian to seek for causes. Thusly I learn that this are bargain sale where femn merchandises may be purchase at cast-off prices like 2 and 11 three. So I continue to observe the scrum and that many Hon. ladies suffer deterioration of complexions and other vanities, likewisely I enjoy 2 or 3 indelicate blushings which I must not be so rude to describe because they were accidentals, but very intrigueish. The bargain combat, I bemuse, are very good sportings to observe, but not for participation by the timid sex.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, that you continue to suffer good healths and other equipments, I remain

Yugo Hamm

"The great London sale combats"

HUNT HISTORIES

The Hunt Clubs Association, of 29, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.1, have recently published a series of Hunt Histories, which have been written by Mr. W. Scarth Dixon with the approval and co-operation of the Masters of the various Hunts concerned. Each booklet (which is published at 1s., post free) contains some very readable and interesting matter on the peculiarities of the country and the history of the particular hunt. More than a hundred hunts are on the list—published or about to be published—so there will soon be no excuse for members not to know all there is to be known about the hounds they follow.

Try It in Your Drawing-Room !

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

JOAN GOODE AND ERIC LEA

Whose dancing "alias"—as they say in Court circles—is the high-sounding one of Orah and Orma, caught in a pleasing pose. They are appearing in the Grafton Galleries' new cabaret show

An Eridge Foursome from Bayham Abbey

THE WHIP HAND

Lady Camden (left) and Lady Brecknock instil some of the hunting spirit into Lady Mary Pratt, Lady Brecknock's daughter, at a recent meet of the Eridge at Bayham Abbey

A STROLL BEFORE THE MEET

Lady Irene Pratt (left), the Hon. Abel Goschen and Miss Cecily Smith face the prospects of the "Hunt Breakfast" meet with becoming solemnity. The meet was held at the Marquess of Camden's seat, Bayham Abbey

Photographs *Alfieri*

AWAITING THEIR MOUNTS

Mrs. Williams (left) and Mr. G. Williams discuss the prospects of the chase with Miss Gray, Miss Whitehead and Miss Newcombe, who followed the hounds on foot on the occasion of the meet at Bayham Abbey

AT BAYHAM ABBEY

Lady Goschen (left) and the Hon. Mrs. Cecil watch the field assemble at the "Hunt Breakfast" meet of the Eridge when a large crowd of hunting folk turned out

A Hunting Occasion on "The Island"

Photograph Alfieri

MISS IRENE SEELY AND MR. P. SEELY

Photograph Topical

MISS GRIMSHAW (left), MRS. PRESCOTT AND MRS. HERBERT STREET

Photograph Alfieri

CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM AND MISS PLATT

FOLLOWERS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT FOXHOUNDS AT BURBIDGE MANOR

Photograph Topical

READY FOR THE FRAY

One of the little ordeals which hunting folk must face is the demand of the camera-man. Above are seen some followers of the Isle of Wight Foxhounds, who proved equal to the occasion. Mr. Blake (left), Miss K. M. Fosker, Miss B. Burnand, Miss M. Heald, Mrs. Jolliffe and Mr. Jolliffe

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by

MACMICHAEL

Produced on December 19, 1923

WHEN Thackeray was touring America with his rather prosy lecture on the "Four Georges," a plain-spoken critic said that what "Thack" needed most to make his show a success was a piano. Similarly, it would appear that "Thack" needed Mr. Harris Deans to make his "Pantomime for Great and Small Children" a commercial proposition. As produced by Mr. Lewis Casson at Wyndham's Theatre, *The Rose and the Ring* is, thanks to Mr. Deans' adroit manipulation of the story, a singularly pleasing entertainment. The players adopt a puppet-like manner of acting that accentuates most divertingly the unreality of the fanciful tale, which is presented with a fascinating delicacy and charm.

IT must be due to something more than chance that all the favourite romances of childhood are associated intimately with kings and queens and princes and princesses. There are misguided people abroad to-day who contend that history as she is taught should ignore the existence of the ruling sovereigns and deal only with the progress (if any) made by the nation since the beginning of time. If they could have their way, no doubt, pantomimes would coruscate with the glittering story of One man, One vote; and the children of to-morrow would be steeped in the very modern romance of Ninepence for Fourpence. Myself, I think the youngsters will go on voting for the kings and their golden crowns for quite a while yet.

SOME people entertain the dismal theory that children are losing their taste for the old-fashioned fairy-story. Yet the children greet with shouts of laughter the work of the good fairy in this pantomime, who changes a pompous old man into a door-knocker, so that every time somebody gives a rat-tat-tat! the old boy feels the bump and squeals accordingly. This is what happens to Jenkins Gruffanuff, capitally represented by Mr. Johnny Danvers. Mr. Gruffanuff's wife, as a result of this rash act, considers herself an eligible widow. Under the influence of the Magic Ring, the rough corners of her face are softened down considerably, and as she thus becomes more or less fair to behold, she is very soon the recipient of an ardent proposal. Strictly speaking—and we have to be very strict about the probabilities in pantomime—I am not sure that a wife becomes a widow because her husband has turned into something else. Cases have been known in which policemen—under a strict sense of duty, of course—have turned into public-houses, but I doubt if this curious fact leaves their wives free to marry again.

MR. J. LESLIE FRITH makes King Valoroso a very jolly sort. He is the sort of king who, I should say, would be welcome in any society; there is a genial homeliness about the enthusiasm with which his Majesty rubs his hands delightedly on hearing that there are sausages for breakfast. (Kings could of course afford all sorts of luxuries when the pantomime was written). Mr. Frith is a good, practical king who can not only sign death-warrants and other disturbing instruments of the kind, but can perform a song-and-dance turn with the best of them. We have been told that uneasy

J. LESLIE FRITH AS VALOROSO

lies the head that wears a crown; and it may be that Valoroso's infectious light-heartedness arises from the fact that he knows he is only a Usurper after all, and is plumping for a short life and a merry one. The most popular plot for a romance has always been concerned with an heir or heiress who has been pushed out of his rights by the villain of the piece; but only for a time, so that our simple faith in the ultimate restoration of the rightful king in this story is firm and unshaken from the start. The exiled king in this instance is Mr. Charles Lascelles, who as Prince Giglio looks both handsome and brave, and we look forward hopefully to the time when he will come into his own again with loud cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. At first, however, he has to go out and seek his fortune, and it is, no doubt, a delicate tribute to the spirit of pantomime that prompts him to set forth with a bundle on the end of a stick, carried on his shoulder in the traditional manner of Dick Whittington.

THERE are several incidents in this pantomime that are reminiscent of the trade, as you might say. There is, for instance, the lost Princess Rosalba, who is identified, Cinderella-like, by her dainty slipper. Rosalba is first known as Betsinda, and she is a sort of lady-in-waiting at Valoroso's Court. But having had the misfortune to have words with the spiteful Princess Angelica, she is turned out into the cold, hard world alone. And, as everybody knows, when the heroine is turned out of doors in plays it has either been snowing hard, or is actually snowing, or is about to snow. You can't have a heroine in distress without snow. Therefore, here we find Rosalba suddenly in the midst of a snow-drift in a forest where she loses her way and falls from exhaustion. At this point, kindly fairies come and cover her with a blanket of leaves, as though she were one of the Babes in the Wood who had accidentally strolled out of her own picture.

STOCKWELL HAWKINS AS COUNT HEDZOFF

THE LION (THIS IS IT) CONSIDERED COUNT HEDZOFF A MEATIER BIT THAN PRINCESS ROSALBA

AFTER being rescued by a wood-cutter, Rosalba is taken to Crim Tartary, and told that she must marry the King, Padella. It so happens that Padella is also a Usurper. There must have been quite a boom in the usurping industry in those days. But it isn't likely that so sweet a girl would fancy a mere Usurper, so Rosalba elects to be eaten by lions instead. The lion selected for this appetising job, however, proves to be one of the friendly Androclean sort, and instead of resorting to regrettable violence he merely gives his moustache an extra twist, and sits beside his victim and hopes for the best.

Rosalba is most charmingly represented by Miss Rose Hignell, who looks very demure and sings very sweetly and very gently, as if she were anxious not to disturb the neighbours. The audience could not, apparently, have enough of this lady's singing, but after one or two encores it was clear that the parting would have to come, or else we should never have got to the end of the story.

ROSE HIGNELL AS BETSINDA

MILES MALLESON AS PRINCE BULBO

MR. MILES MALLISON is very comic as the Prince who nearly gets executed by mistake. He has a pretty rough time of it all through the pantomime, but he manages to keep smiling in a dismal sort of way, and his song about "My Lucky Day" is a rich streak of humour most admirably delivered. Miss Evadne Price is very amusing as a Princess who parts with the Ring that gives beauty to its wearer and becomes dreadfully plain and blotchy in consequence. A lively turn is given by Mr. Raymond Massey and Mr. Hugh Sinclair as a couple of friends of the rightful Prince who watch the battle for the right from afar, and entertain us with singing and dancing until the war is won. The pantomime, as will be seen, is the wildest nonsense from first to last, and it is a nice tribute to the skill of the producers that it is absorbingly interesting throughout. I do not remember a dull moment in that entirely enjoyable evening. JINGLE

TROCADERO GAME BIRD SERIES

The woodcock is a little aristocrat of game birds—appealing alike to the sportsman and the gourmet. The bird from the salt marshes near the sea is the tit-bit of its kind. The epicure likes his woodcock served "saignante."

To eat "Bécasse saignante au fin champagne" at the Trocadero is to attain the height of the gourmet's ambition. The natural flavour of the bird is emphasised by the last word in culinary art that invariably obtains at the Trocadero.

WOODCOCK ALIGHTING. *Drawn by J. C. HARRISON.*

Trocadero

LONDON'S PREMIER RESTAURANT
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Leap-in-the-Dark Year

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 14

DEAR COUSIN—

THIIS is what they call a Leap Year, isn't it? Which means 'parently that absolutely *everything's* to be topsy-turvy and downside-upside, and in the cart, and in the soup, and all that sort of thing—quite apart from the merely matrimonial and amatory aspects of this particular conjunction of the seasons and times.

RATHER by way of being Leap-in-the-Dark Year, in fact, what? What with all the political crises and crashes and things, I mean, to start with, that they say are going to happen, starting off with this week as ever is. When, 'cording to all the latest and most trustworthy advices, all manner of strange deeds are to occur or be perpetrated in the hitherto more or less solemn and serious assembly of His Majesty's most faithful Commons, as the ancient but now I s'pose somewhat *démodé* saying hath it.

MY dear, such odd and astounding things they do tell one, that I've pos'tively been trying to examine, analyse, and weightily pass judgment on what they call the political situation meself. But must 'fess I can't really quite make head or tail of it, as the antique metaphor or simile runs. All *I* can gather being that seemingly everyone agrees that there's going to be a Labour Gov'ment, spite of the Labour people having quite a lot less votes or seats than the Conservatives — even after Mr. Baldwin upset the apple-cart with his Protection policy an' all.

MUST say these things are all a complete and mysterious myste-ry to me, but then I never *did* understand politics — and 'tween you and me there's quite a lot of quite cleverish men *and* women I've met, and fairly honest ones, too, that don't seem to, either. Worst of it being, though, that it doesn't matter a bit being clever *or* honest, if you don't happen to 've taken the precaution of being a politician as well (I s'pose they *do* combine 'em all three sometimes) — you just have to . . . well, pay. As incident'lly some people discovered, if I mistake me not, one way or another, *pendant la guerre.*

BY which I mean, in case some politicians or others may have forgotten, the Great War, as they used to call it, that finished just a little over four years ago. And that was to be the bitter, terrible, awful prelude, agonising but in the end almost worth the agony, to a New and Better World. Well, p'raps, it's coming at last soon, tho' I can hardly see it arriving, somehow, just this very instant moment, *via* Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Kirkwood and Mr. Maxton, and the rest. . . .

AND just think if only our men—

. . . . . they who went
Ungrudgingly and spent
Their lives for us. . . .

if they had only known that this was to be the outcome, and that just a few years ahead, England, this England, was going to be governed (so it seems) by these others—worthy men, of course, and conscientious . . . so conscientious some of them, a few years ago, that they got quite famous for it, and were affectionately abbreviated into "Conchies" . . .

"Affectionately called "Conchies"

"Mysterious mystery to me"

BUT don't let's even begin to border or approach the edge of seriousness, please, shall us, in this so delightfully and almost incredibly all-of-a-doodah don't - know - what's - coming - next cryptic Leap Year world. Wherein life gives every promise, methinks, of being even more of a joyous scream (looked at in the right and proper frivolous light) than it ever was before.

WHY worry, f'rinstance, now especially, about what some Professor man's been calling our "slipshod English," or words to that effect? Says we oughtn't to say Goodby-ee, he does (but does *anyone*, nowadays?) or "wangle" or "go West," or talk about "crusader," or "exclusive" when we mean extra special. And so on. . . . 'Fraid he's just a little behind the times, what?

COULD tell him a lot more "slipshod" ones than that, couldn't you? 'Cluding the rather nice one that's just going the rounds about the family of one of our future rulers, all gathered round the domestic board—complete with festal appurtenances of High Tea, as consumed by such. In the midst whereof arises a still small voice: "Please, father, I want some more 'am." Parental frowns. "Don't say 'am, son, say 'am. 'Am's what

"You mustn't say goodby-ee"

it should be, not 'am." Whereupon Mother turns to visitor, much amused. "Yar know, they both thinks they're saying *'am I*."

TALKING about topsy-turviness, really rather another bit of Leap-Yearishness that they seem to have been having over in Switzerland, too. Where annually as the turn of the year approaches prayers go up fervently and unfailingly to Heaven for snow and yet more snow. Just *the* one and only thing it is, out there in the land of the clear crystal air and thirty-below-zero thermoms., that's needed to make perfect the happiness of the 'thusiastic winter-sporter, full of burning enthusiasm to luge and bob and ski.

AND this year, act'lly, the 'thorities that run these things have for once not only answered aforesaid prayers but gone and fearfully and frightfully overdone it. I've been hearing from those out among the Alps, 'bout the way it'd been snowing hard and persistently most of the time. But 'parently it's all serene now to judge by all those entrancing photographs we see from Mürren and Pontresina and St. Moritz and Chamonix and places.

APROPOS of Alps, by the way, am reminded of quite one of the most d'lightful revues I've ever seen, *Puppets*, by name, and now nightly being performed at the Vaudeville Theatre—to crowded houses, I expect and trust, 'cos it really is one of the nicest yet, and even if it wasn't, the presence of Binnie Hale therein would alone be worth the price of admission, plus entertainment tax, booking fee and all. We mentioned, by the way, didn't we, Alps or other mountains?

WHICH leads me, somehow, once more to Binnie, Binnie doing lovely imitations of other actresses—a pastime which I must admit is usually to most people ('cept the imitator) intensely boring. But Binnie as Evelyn Laye, Binnie as Beatrice Lillie, and, above all, Binnie as José Collins—well, nobody, 'cluding the victims, could be, anyway, *bored*. "I will go back to the mountains!" says José (or is it Binnie?), "I love the mountains!" (she adds). "I *am* a mountain!!!"

TALKIN' about theatricals—welcome to that cheery couple, Lee White and Clay Smith, who returned to the Alhambra last week, "all the way from Australia," as the old song hath it. Like old times, it was, to hear Lee White's husky voice and have all the old bubbling laughter and the smiles and the back-chat. Everyone was frightf'ly pleased, right from the *rather* inevitable opening song 'bout it being worth while to go away 'cos of the joy of meeting old friends again, and so on, and down to the clever little curtain speech—more like an impromptu than any real on-the-minute one could be, and far more amusing. And they haven't even mixed an Australian accent with the American variety that seems to go so well with their broad smiles, though 'spect catching words like "dinkum" and "bonzar" have now found a solid place in dear Mr. Clay Smith's vocab.

"Addicted to the slavish habit of cocktails"

BUT let's start trying to be serious again. I'm sure anything in the way of humour is going to be simply fearf'ly out of fashion very soon. Lots of serious matters to be contemplated and considered, there are, and that right instantly and urgently. For example and to wit, the way we, "the girls of London" ('cording to Mr. Ian Hay) have become, it would appear, absolute slavish victims to the cocktail habit, not to mention act'lly going to music halls and clubs—with the natural result (to quote the same authority) of "a sensible diminution in the old-fashioned reverence of men for women that was the most sacred thing in life."

'S'N awful business, is not it? Wouldn't, of course, ever have gone to a club, not to mention a music hall, if I'd dreamt it meant losing that old-fashioned reverence, etcet. And wild horses wouldn't, need I say, ever have dragged me within even sipping distance of a Martini or Manhattan or Bronx. 'Sides, a pore girl's got to be so careful these days (as Vi Loraine used to put it) hasn't she, what with all these film scandals an' all. Though, of course, that *is* really rather differentish . . . As Mr. Hannen Swaffer so 'propriately puts it, if you *will* pay chorus girls £1,000 a week (or more), it's *your* fault, not theirs. . . .

LOTS of music there seems to be around these days, luckily, to soothe one's rather Leap-yearily wearily topsy-turvy nerves, just a bit overwrought by a quite excessive predominance of work—*and* Labour. Lovely operas, f'instance, happening nightly at Covent Garden under the guidance of the B.N.O.C.—*Magic Flute* to-night, *par exemple*, and *Aïda*, *Alkestes* and *Othello* all to look forward to this week.

AND am going next Saturday to yet another of those wonderful Saturday afternoon "Pops" at the Queen's Hall that the Chappell firm are running every night. All sorts of d'lightful Wagners and Verdis and Debussys, with Eugene Goussens and Gustav Holst conducting. . . . And Leap Year's still dance year, too—and there's always that to fall back on, and the conventual retreats of Ciro's or the Embassy or the Savoy or Queen's Hall Roof to retire to, when things get altogether quite *too* upsidedownish outside!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Ascot and Zev

THIS year the Ascot Gold Cup looks like being something well worth waiting for. One must not lose sight of the fact that in the past this race has often crumbled away at the eleventh hour and produced some one-sided contests. Inevitably the preparation for the Gold Cup is very strenuous, and many a good horse has failed to get through it when gallops have been on the hard side. But we do not want to anticipate trouble, and what we are now hoping for is that most of the cracks who figure in the brilliant Ascot meeting will be fit and well when the Royal meeting comes round. I am not going to build on the probability of Zev's presence. If he does come to Ascot, well and good. He is assured of the squarest of deals and a great race. But it will be an immense undertaking to bring him across the Atlantic, and for the moment I think we had better leave Mr. Harry Sinclair's crack out of our calculations.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

WITH THE GARTH

Miss St. John-Mildmay, who is one of the keenest followers of the Garth hounds, photographed at a recent meet. She is the only daughter of Sir Gerald St. John-Mildmay of Winchfield, Hants

French Rivalry

I HAVE an idea that the charm of the Ascot Gold Cup will centre once more in the rivalry it will produce between the picked representatives of England and France. The entry contains all the elements required for the production of real international excitement. We find in it the winner of the Grand Prix, Filibert de Savoie, and the winner of the French Derby, Le Capucin, while we also have Massine, who is thought by many people in France to be a better stayer than either of the other two. To compete against these French champions we have our own Derby winner, Papyrus, and our St. Leger winner, Tranquil, together with other cracks of the same age like Teresina and Parth. If these should fail, we have abundant reserves in the shape of Inkerman, Eastern Monarch, Twelve Pointer and Saltash. You see, therefore, that the preliminary cast for the Gold Cup contains all the stars. The actual play promises to be strongly dramatic.

Epinard's Future

I HAVE not mentioned Epinard in connection with the Gold Cup, because I believe it to be extremely unlikely that he will stay the course. Presumably M. Pierre Wertheimer has faith in his stamina, otherwise he would not have troubled to enter him for the greatest long-distance event of English racing. Still, it would be most astonishing if a colt of Epinard's phenomenal speed should be able to stay a journey of two and a half miles or anything like it. If we are to see him at Ascot it will probably be in the Royal Hunt Cup or one of the other races on that course. Meanwhile, Epinard's chances in the Lincolnshire Handicap are being much discussed. The bookmakers are taking no chances about him. Two big firms who have sent me their lists on the Lincolnshire refuse to lay the French horse at any price. Nothing could be more complimentary to Epinard, but it will hardly encourage those connected with the colt to prepare him for this race. At Newbury on Wednesday the Sefton Steeplechase may be won by **North Waltham** and the Berkshire Hurdle Race may fall to **Tara Hill** on the following day.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

WITH THE QUORN

Miss June Chaplin (left), a prominent follower of the Quorn, her father Colonel R. Chaplin, and Miss Dorothy Musgrave. Miss Chaplin's engagement to Mr. Rudolph de Trafford was recently announced

F. B. BARLING By "THE TOUT"

Who, although he has trained a Derby winner—namely "Grand Parade"—does not despise National Hunt sport, as his various successes this season testify

HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

The Motor Nuisance

SOME people's ears must have been burning as they read the Duke of Beaufort's powerful indictment against the practice of motor-car following hounds. For the ducal complaint was not directed so much against non-hunting folk as against certain members of his own Hunt. One gathers that the latter's chauffeurs have received instructions to follow up the hounds so that they could be close at hand when their employers wished to return home. This is a comparatively new development, and the Duke of Beaufort has done well to nip it in the bud. Obviously it would be quite

Photograph] MOVING OFF [*Sport and General*

The Portman Hunt moving off at a recent meet held at Manston, near Blandford. The Master, Capt. W. P. Browne, M.C., who took up his office in 1920, is the capped figure in the foreground

intolerable if the scores of motors which bring their owners to hunting meets nowadays were allowed to hover in the wake of the Hunt throughout the afternoon. Apparently only a few have followed this pernicious practice so far, but the others would certainly soon acquire the habit, unless strong action were taken to stop it. The Duke, never a man to be trifled with so far as his orders in the field are concerned, says sharply that "this practice must cease." The necessity for these words would never have arisen if the offenders had given the slightest thought to the mischief which the practice might cause.

Another Source of Trouble

It is clear, too, that there has been trouble in the Badminton country in the matter of second horsemen. Since the enforced stoppage of sport with so many packs, the Duke's Hounds have attracted abnormal fields when out in their most popular areas, and if you get dozens of second horsemen riding across country, as well as fields of three and four hundred strong, you are bound to have lots of grumbling among the farmers and landowners. That second horsemen should keep to the roads and bridle paths instead of riding across the fields is a rule which, is or should be, clearly understood and adhered to in every country. Evidently there has been much laxity in this respect in the Badminton country this season. I know that second horsemen sometimes lark across country without the knowledge of their employers, but the latter must be held primarily responsible for the conduct of their servants. The Duke of Beaufort's recent words of warning should have the effect of causing stricter control to be exercised in future. The golden rule is for unofficial second horsemen to keep with the Hunt's second horsemen during the day's hunting. Then they cannot go far wrong.

Changes of Interest

It is satisfactory to see that the Atherstone people have found a new Master for next season. In the Southwold country, however, they will be sorry to lose Captain Edward Ramsden, who has just been appointed to succeed Majors Lyon and Hardy. Before the War, I often saw him playing a really good game of polo. He was one of the strongest members of the regimental team of the 5th Lancers. Capt. Ramsden blossomed out *après la guerre* as the Master of the Cleveland Hounds in Yorkshire, where he showed capital sport for several seasons. Then he went to assist his brother in hunting the Southwold pack, whose followers now have to look for a new M.F.H. Another interesting vacancy recently filled is that in the Milton country, where Lord Essex is to be succeeded by Lord Exeter as Mr. George Fitzwilliam's partner in the Mastership. There was a time when Lord Exeter kept his own pack of foxhounds at Burghley Park, but he gave them up during the War. The new arrangement strikes me as being an admirable one for the Fitzwilliam people. A.W.C.

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

AN IRISH OCCASION

The Marquess of Waterford photographed at a recent meet of the Waterford Hounds, of which his sisters, Lady Blanche and Lady Katherine Beresford, are the joint masters

Photograph] "WHAT A DAY!" [*I.B.*

Sir Gerald St. John-Mildmay registering disgust at the weather conditions which prevailed at a recent meet of the Garth, when fog put an effectual veto on hunting for the day

SPORT *of the* WEEK

Photograph *Central News*

THE FIRST TIME EVER?

On Wednesday last, those who happened to be on the spot witnessed the novel spectacle of these two girls (who obligingly stood still to be photographed) ski-ing on the stretch of snow between the Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner—probably the first attempt on record at ski-ing in the West End

Photograph *Sport and General*

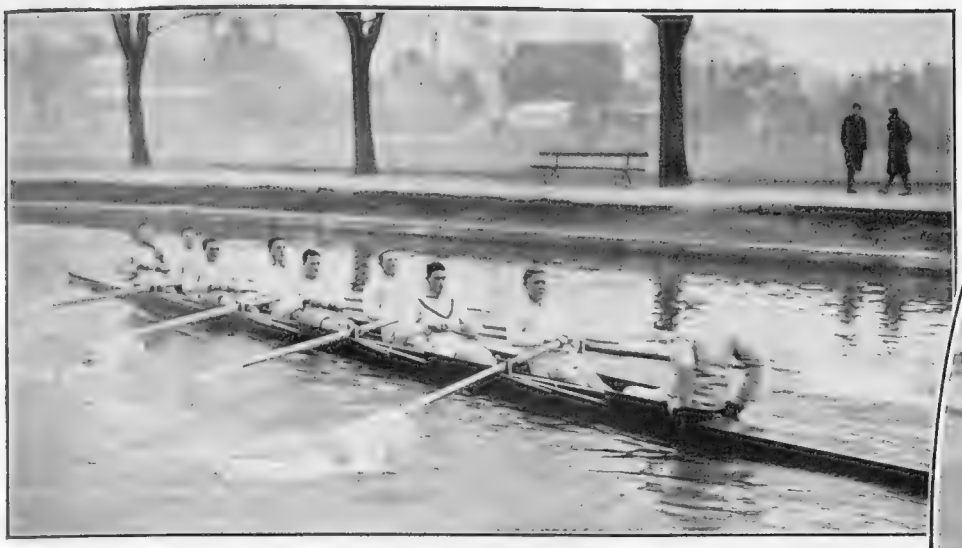
THE BATTLE OF THE BOTTLE

Miss Anderson, winner of the Hockey-Bottle Race at a recent ice gymkhana on the Suvretta rink near St. Moritz. The bottle must be propelled as rapidly as possible without being overturned

Photograph *Sport and General*

NOT SO EASY EVEN WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

A bobsleigh crew negotiating the famous "Sunny Corner" turn on the bobsleigh run at St. Moritz. The pace at which the more expert riders are able to take this difficult bend is quite wonderful, and the team element which enters into it makes "bobbing" one of the most popular of winter sports



Photograph THE FIRST OF MANY OUTINGS *Sport and General*

Practice for the 'Varsity Boat Race began at Cambridge on Wednesday last—a nice day for it, by the way! Two crews, following the precedent created by Oxford, went out This is No. 1 crew starting on its maiden voyage stroked by A. B. Stobart, stroke of the winning trial eight last term

Photograph *Sport and General*

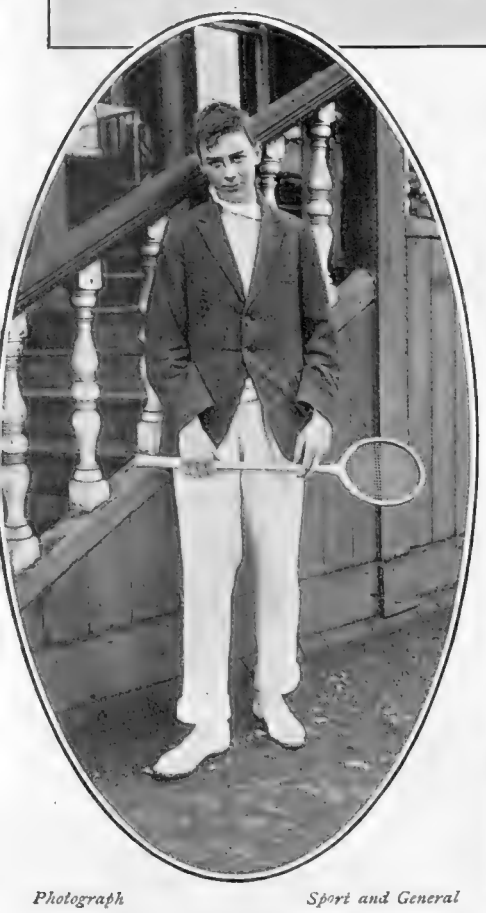
CANNES FINALISTS

Miss Ryan (right) winner of the Ladies' Singles at the Beau-Site Tournament at Cannes with Miss L. Cadle, who played remarkably well against her. Miss Cadle was one of Mrs. Mallory's conquerors last year

Photograph *L. N. A.*

DOWN, BUT NOT DOWNHEARTED

A great "save" by the Vienna goal-keeper in the ice hockey match at Davos in which Oxford University beat Vienna by three goals to nil



Photograph *Sport and General*

D. S. MILFORD (Rugby)

Winner, for the second year in succession, of the Public Schools Rackets Handicap at Queen's Club

Photograph THE UBIQUITOUS INTERNATIONAL *L.N.A.*

The teams which took part in a curling match between "England" (the left four) and "Scotland" on the grand rink at St. Moritz. Those addicted to the Turf, will recognise two well-known trainers, A. Sadler and T. Hogg, among them

THE SILENT MATCH

By "PENDARVES"

THE final trial game known, rather impolitely, as England *versus* "The Rest," is a lugubrious and depressing affair in many ways. This year's was distinctly.

First of all, you study through glasses, from the Press Box on the other side of the ground, the grim faces of the Super-War Lords of the game, seated in splendid isolation in their own special pew. This is during that dreary ten minutes or so before the game. You know exactly what they are thinking. "Have we put the right team into white? Are the colours going to knock spots off them or not? (hasty glance at programme again for the twenty-third time). Decide they probably will," and then we shall all look more fools than we are," etc., etc.

Of course, the All-Highests never do anything so commonplace as to confer with each other openly during the Final Trial (the funny thing is that *they* are on trial, not the players, and they never seem to realise it), or point massive ex-Rugby-forward fingers at any particular man, and say excitedly to each other, "*There*: see that, Steve? What did I tell you?"

Oh, *dear* no. Do you appreciate, gentle and uninitiated reader, that only about four men in England assume the purple of the Selection Committee of the Rugby Union (or is it white, for purity of thought and impartiality of action?), and that having attained that vertigo eminence you could not disgrace the office by gesticulating your point of view *en plein air*, thereby giving something away. No. You sit, or, rather, they sit, glum, stoical, impenetrably silent, watching the pigmies perform.

I hope a reaction does not set in after the game, like the one on the 5th, for example, and that they do not have as heated a controversy over individual merits as our carload had on the way back from Twickenham that day. It would be most undignified.

We were all very silent during that memorable Trial game, all 15,000 of us, for two reasons. A certain proportion of the spectators were endeavouring to make up their minds, for the last time, what odds they were going to offer or take against Wales on the 19th. And the bulk of the remainder were critically concentrated on their own particular fancies, and seeing them just *not* doing the things expected of them.

A Trial game, especially the last one of the season, is bound to be a silent affair because so much hangs to it, and yet at the same time it does not matter who wins. But the silence that enveloped the ground on that day (except for a few backers of lost causes, who yelled, "Go on The Rest," in sheer desperation, to buck them up a bit) was in great measure due to the awful slaughter of "form," as evinced by the sides on the programmes. The Rest simply were not in it. My programme had a long succession of "3's" marked all down the margin on the England part of the paper. And "The Rest" margin was almost blank.

What caused my unwonted silence was the utter lack of "5's" for England. Nobody seemed able on the England side to kick anything approaching a goal. And I thought of the Swansea ground, with the scores about equal, and some steady and skilful Welshman about to take a place kick—urgh!

And another cause for puzzled silence was the concentration needed to judge the superiority of this man over that. Very important, this, of course. Because we all wanted to say (and did, in fact, say) afterwards, "W-ell, of *course*, there's only one man in it for such-and-such a place."

This attitude of mind and speech was rendered extremely difficult by the fact that there seemed hardly a boot to choose between any one of all the eight three-quarters, for example. And as for the forwards, except that Currie, of the Harlequins, popped up into the foreground of the vision as a great player, and you had never given him a thought before, seeing that both packs were crawling with Internationals you felt that the Lords in the pew could take away the number they first thought of, so to speak, about any of them.

I had a rude awakening immediately after the game. Our carload was waiting impatiently for me (I had had trouble with a cork), and on being referred to testily as to the stand-off half position I said, "Well, Myers, of course," and was yelled at with mocks and jibes

"Lawton, you garden ass (my friends are very refined)—it's a sitter for him—fancy *you* thinking Myers—well I'm——"

We shall see We have already seen, as by the time this appears the team will have been published.

Well, well. We can't always be right, can we? —can they?

By LEONARD P. DOWD

AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR

Some of the players who will represent England in this year's Rugger match against Wales at Cardiff

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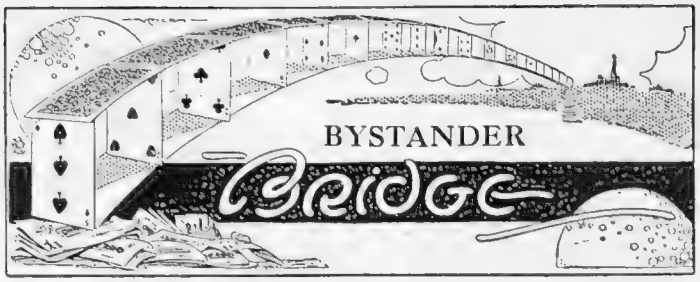

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

AUCTION BRIDGE *VERSUS* CONTRACT

While I consider Mah Jongg a jolly game to play now and then, nothing will persuade me that it will ever supersede Bridge. There is, I know, a special Mah Jongg Club in London, but no card-playing club has taken up the game nor do I think it is likely that it will. At one London Club I hear of a revival of "Coon-Can," but that is an eccentricity that will not long survive. It was tried some years ago, but died out after a short period.

. . . . . .

I like experimenting with new games, and I have tried all the so-called improvements on Bridge which I have written about in my latest book, *Auction Bridge Variations* (Nash and Grayson). I do not see why love of one game should blind one to the merits of others, and I think a little change now and then is good for all card players. At Monte Carlo, for instance, I shall give Bridge a complete rest, and amuse myself with Trente et Quarante, Roulette, Baccarat, and "Chemi."

. . . . . .

I do not suppose Auction Bridge, as at present played, represents the final development of the game, but it is easy to understand why it is more popular than "Contract" or any of the later variations which have been suggested. Card games depend for their interest on two elements: Speculation in calling, drawing cards, or what not; and skill in playing. At Poker, no card is played. The skill consists in estimating risks, reading your opponents, etc. At Whist the skill was entirely in playing the cards. At the old original game of Bridge a certain amount of judgment in calling was introduced, but not very much was required, the chief skill was still in playing the cards. At Auction, the chief skill is in the calling, playing the cards is secondary; and the main reason, in my opinion, why it is such an interesting game is that the rewards and penalties are so arranged that skilful speculation pays. Take two hands with a three Spade call against two hands with a three Heart call. Two stone-wallers would leave the three Spade call alone, which would be an easy contract, with a good chance, given good play and good luck, of getting four and game.

. . . . . .

If Auction were played like this it would be fairly simple, but it isn't. The supposed "three Heart" hands, called by capable players, would be stretched to four. Judgment and skill are required. Ought the "three Spade" hands to double a four Heart call, or raise to four Spades and trust to skill and luck to pull them through? It is a problem. The occasions on which one can say, before dummy goes down, that the combined hands are worth three tricks or four tricks, no less and no more, are very rare. There is nearly always an element of uncertainty and necessarily must be.

By Leslie P. Marchant

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS LASS

Fair Motorist (who has knocked down friend): "Good gracious, it's Captain Woodruffe! I was afraid I should miss you before you went away"

Solution to Problem XII

Although this problem looks very simple there is more in it than meets the eye at first sight. Every solver, knowing all four hands as given, can realise that the ultimate calling should be "Three Spades" by Y and Z, and that they get them; and that A, B save the game, making two Clubs, one Diamond and one Spade. But other factors come in. This is how the bidding actually went.

First Round—Z "one no-trumps." A "No." Y "two Spades." B "three Hearts."

Second Round—Z "three Spades." A "four Hearts." Y "four Spades." B "double." All pass.

The first point is—should B have called "three Hearts"? He had the probable saving of the game in Spades. On the other hand, he had not a certain game saver. It was the rubber game, and he was unlikely to do much harm in a bid of "three Hearts." Z's bid of "three Spades" I consider undoubtedly correct. A double would have been bad, and he certainly could not continue his no-trumper with weakness in Clubs. Now we come to A. He had a poor hand, but it had two redeeming features, four Hearts to the King and a singleton Spade. On his hand it looked more than probable on the calling that the opponents could go game in Spades. While in calling "four Hearts" he undoubtedly took a risk, he did it with his eyes open and I am not prepared to condemn his call as bad. He was out to save the game at a small cost and keep the rubber alive.

Y, in his turn, argued that his partner had called no trumps first, and then supported his Spades. His hand was little or no use for anything but a Spade call, and I don't think he can be blamed for calling "four Spades." B's double was undoubtedly sound and Z could say nothing further.

. . . . . .

I have analysed this hand at length because it occurred in actual play, and I cannot honestly condemn any of the bidding as actually bad, although the result was unfortunate for Z. He could have defeated the contract of "four Hearts." In deciding the competition I therefore find myself in something of a quandary. I asked "what do you consider the proper bidding?"

Perhaps that word "proper" is out of place. It is easy enough when you see all four hands, to say what is the "proper call." But if "three Spades" had been the answer there would have been no problem in it. It is too easy.

But as it was not double dummy I consider, for the reasons I have stated, that the calling in actual play was "*proper*," and, therefore, I have to go contrary to the opinion of the majority of my correspondents, and award prizes as follows: E. A. Gregory, 8, Strachan Place, Wimbledon Common, S.W. 19; Dr. A. A. Macfarlane, The County Hotel, Theatre Quadrant, Nottingham; and L. J. Walker, The Copse, Rose Walk, Purley.

· OLD · TIME · CUSTOMS ·

First Footing One of the best of old-time customs finds favour still in the interesting observance of "First Footing." The "First Foot," or first person to cross the threshold after midnight on December 31st, must be a dark man, and it is essential that the event be honoured in the kind of refreshment most worthy of the occasion.

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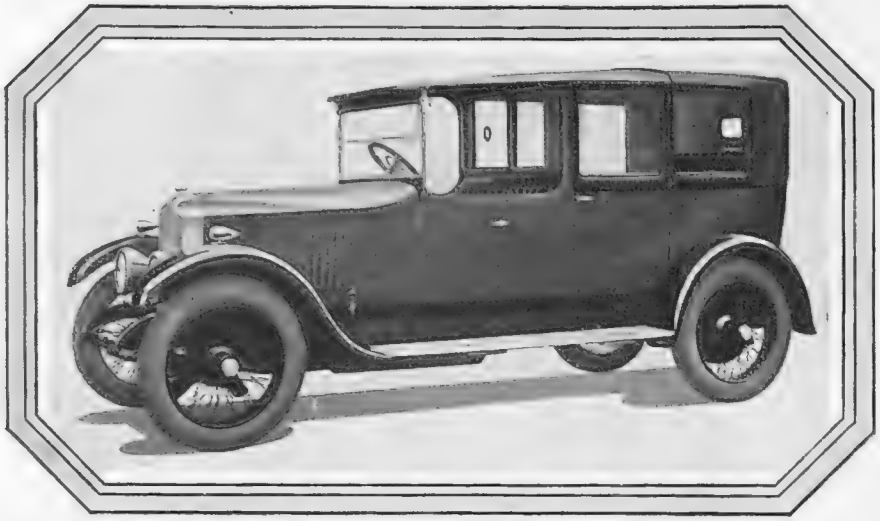

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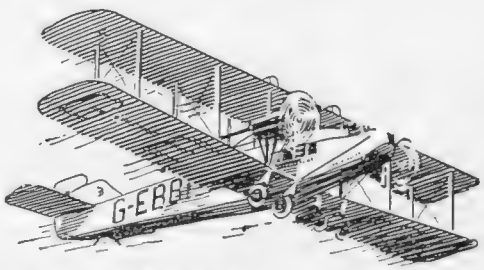

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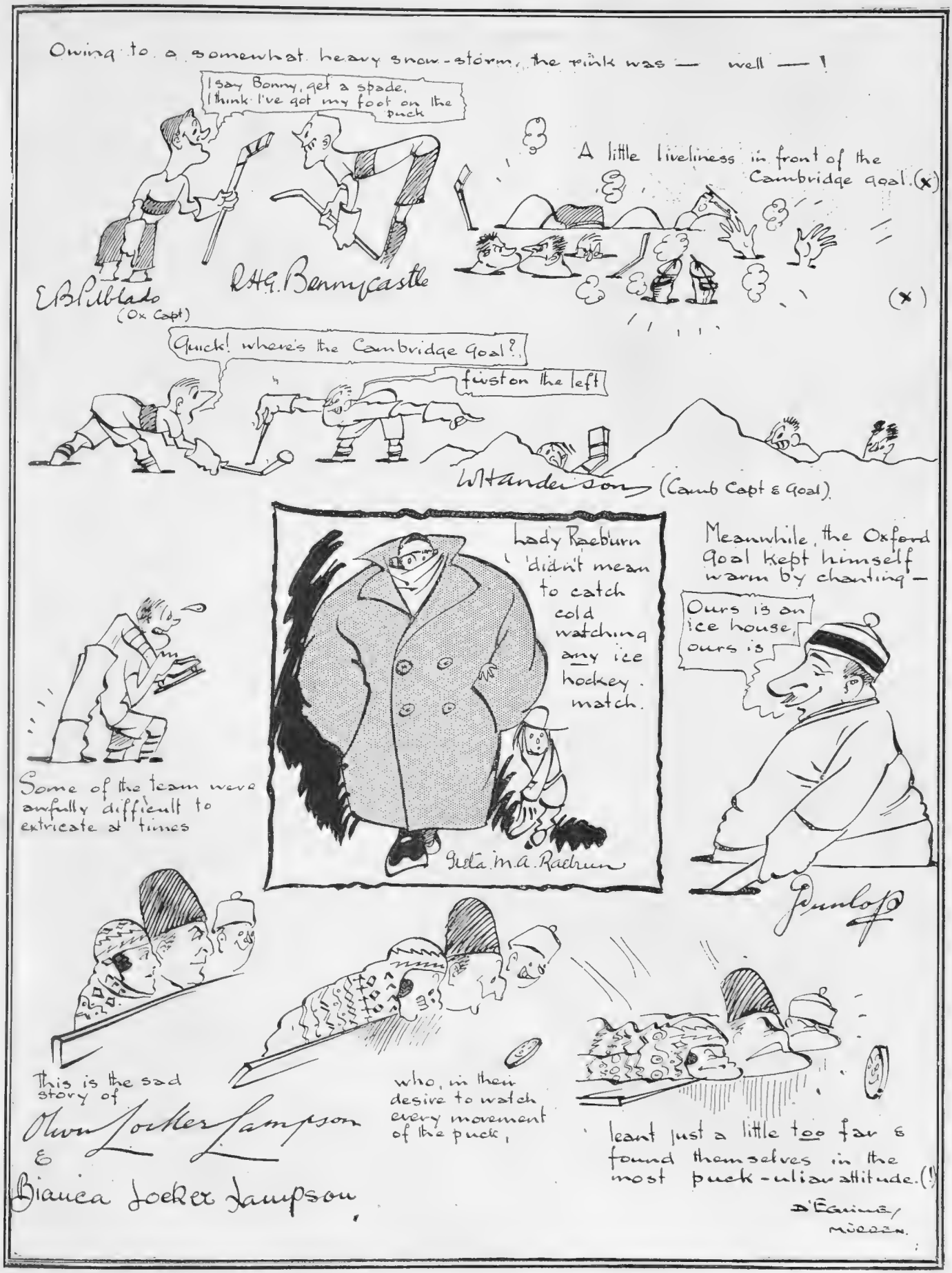

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

Winter sports appear to make people tolerant to a degree, and the 'Varsity ice-hockey match was no exception. The victims of our artist's sketch not only allowed him to go unharmed, but actually signed their names to their caricatures—when they had been shown which was meant to be theirs!

BOUND FOR THE CAPE

Miss Netta Westcott, who sailed for South Africa last week to play Miss Violet Vanbrugh's part in "The Knave of Diamonds." Miss Westcott has recently returned from California, where she has been acting for the films—quite a popular pastime in California we understand

Femina

ABOUT "THE LURE"

By "CANDIDA"

LURE is a good word, whether you're describing snow and winter sports, or the East where it's supposed to exude from the sand, the camels, the way the dirty streets wind and the sun sets, or whether it applies to shop counters in sooty, matter-of-fact London. The "lure" of the sales is upon us, though I must say I have found it difficult always to keep my enthusiasm up to the proper "lurid," I mean allured, pitch when the rain and the sleet and the fog all manage to come down together, and the very early morning looks too unattractive for description. On such a morning, and all January mornings are like that, I would not be allured by the story of a palace given away with a pound of tea, far less by the important news that Government flannel was going for a sensational something and elevenpence halfpenny a yard.

THAT'S heresy, I know. But, then as it happens, I'm not one of your lucky sale-ists. Other people always manage to clutch the prizes from me, however early I get up in the morning. Other people walk away every time with the "real thing," straight from the famous *salon* of the renowned What's-His-Name, the thing which must have cost at least a hundred guineas before it lost most of its beads and took on a jaded, much-experienced air. At sales one doesn't discriminate. The "experience" may shriek at you a mile off, but wasn't the great house of Chic et Compagnie responsible for the cut, or what's left of it?

CREATIONS apart, it's a merry battle over odds and ends in sale-time, merry, that is, if you are getting the best of it, which I don't ever. Some dreadfully determined female has always got her eye and her clutch, which is worse, on my particular remnants of crepe de Chine. There are disadvantages attached to the "best manners." To be a real success in sale-time, and in life, too, for that matter, you must leave your *noblesse oblige* at home. Which reminds me that life is really very much like this sale business, not because it's a sell—you remember the famous epitaph: "Life's a jest, and all things show it; I thought so once, and now I know it"—but because living would be quite easy and pleasant but for the left-overs, the remnants, the odds and ends which cannot be kept in their proper places. It's the people with no odds and ends to their conscience who always finish up millionaires. Single-minded, the world calls them, one-ideaed, purposeful, with only one big purpose, of course, but it all amounts to much the same thing. For them the straight path, with nothing to tempt them to the right or left, so it's no wonder they get there. But I'll restrain myself. Cheap philosophising *à propos de bottes* always was my "favourite recreation," as they say in that ever-bulkier volume which includes more and more celebrities every year, until, positively, it will be a mark of distinction to be left out of *Who's Who*.

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS CLARA SERENA

The new contralto, who made her first operatic appearance in Mr. Rutland Boughton's new opera, "Alkestis," played by the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden last Friday. Like so many other singers who have arrived, Miss Serena started her journey along the road to Success from Australia

I'M not denying that you pick up real bargains at the sales if you get up early enough, and wait long enough, and know how to elbow your neighbour out of her conspicuous position so as to catch the weary shop-assistant's eye and proceed to business before anyone else has had a chance. But where exactly the "lure" comes in, that I've never discovered. It's sport of a sort, perhaps, intended to console those of us who have to plod through London mud and paddle about in its rain when we'd rather be ploughing the snow on our skis, or cutting fine figures on the ice in snowy, sunny, silvery Switzerland. Not, of course, that we're all as energetic as all that, even when we do get there. Strictly *entre nous*, there are lots of people who like to swagger about hotel lounges in breeches and becoming little caps and things, but when it comes to the ski-ing part—well, their doctors have conveniently impressed on them to be careful for their healths' and their families' sake.

BUT to make up, what energy in the energetic, in those who used to skate and skate so industriously in the few days of real ice that came our way in England! They know better nowadays, and as the mountain came to them so seldom they have very sensibly gone to the mountain.

CANDIDA

To H.M. THE KING H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

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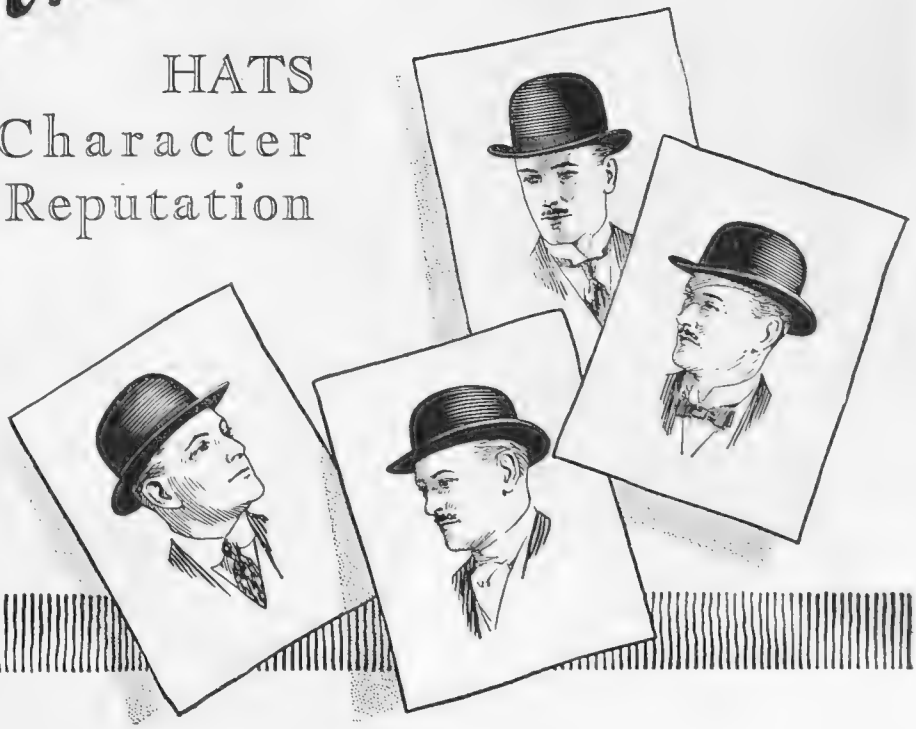

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GETTING READY FOR CRUFT'S

THE BEST RING TIP

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Sketches by NICOLSON

THERE will be some interesting Dog Shows next week, including the National Terrier Club's Championship turn-out at the Royal Agricultural Hall. But it's to next month (the 13th and 14th) that exhibitors are looking, in connection with one of the two biggest Shows of the year—Cruft's; the other being the classic October event staged by the Kennel Club.

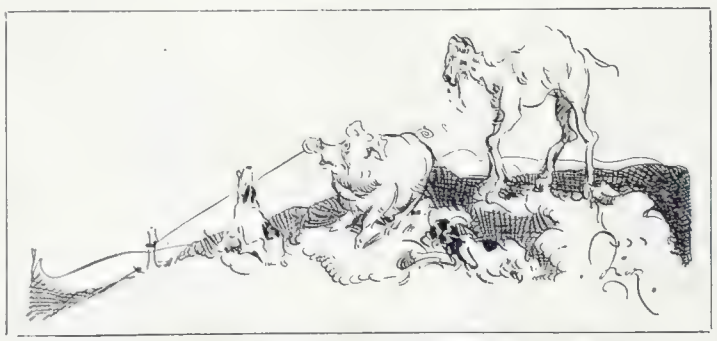
In this connection, a BYSTANDER reader in Cirencester exhorts me thus:

You would confer an all-round boon by giving the many students of your Notes some tips about preparing Dogs for Show. It's odds-on that scores of your readers will make their first entry into a Show Ring next month. Why not help them to do their Dogs something like justice?

Now the generally accepted notions in the matter of preparing Dogs for exhibition (*Our Dogs* have published an excellent little handbook on the subject, by that well-known expert, Mr. J. W. Marples) seem to be confined to what is called conditioning, coat-dressing and the like. In such superficial matters as grooming, hints are probably superfluous. Brush, comb and hound-glove will naturally be more than ever well-used during the weeks preceding a Show; special attention being given to the ears and eyes of Hounds and Spaniels, for example. (Eucalyptus, paraffin and coconut oils, mixed in equal parts, make a good night dressing. For long-eared Dogs, use deep, narrow feed-dishes, such as the stork affected in *Æsop's Fables*.

But as for "conditioning for Show," I haven't much use for the views of the allegedly knowing ones. The condition of Dogs (and their human friends) depends on health; and health isn't to be served by fits and starts, or reached viâ patent pills and powders. The secret of Show "condition" lies in keeping your Dogs "in the pink" *all the time*. With Dogs who incline normally to the lean side, there's no harm in a little extra feeding for a few weeks before a Show—flesh and eggs; but the real right thing is to keep 'em fit as fiddles all the time, by generous, scrupulous, and *consistent* attention to the three fundamentals: Diet, Exercise, Cleanliness. That's the only way to be sure of them on *Der Tag*.

Make no mistake, however, there really is something you can do towards securing the best possible chance for your Dog in the Show Ring. There's just comfortable time for you to do it between now and Cruft's. It's a mighty simple matter; but neglect of it causes good Dogs to be turned down at every Show; and conscientious attention to it often means the difference between a First and a Second; between "a card" of sorts, anyhow, and nothing at all to stick in the rack over your favourite's bench.



"Like a rheumatic camel, or a pig being led to the slaughter"

This little thing is to teach your Dog to show himself properly.

Remember, the Judge who is worth his salt, is not a bit interested in you or your costume; nor yet in the pedigree of your Dog; no matter how charming or impressive you and your kit, or how distinguished the pedigree. What he is concerned with is your Dog, *as he appears in the Ring*. The fact that your Dog can turn a hare in the fields at home, won't help him a bit in the Ring—if he moves there like a rheumatic camel, or a pig being led to the slaughter. However discerning the Judge, duty compels him to adjudicate upon your Dog, not as he might be, or may be when at large in your garden, but precisely as he *is*, during that crucial half hour in the Ring.

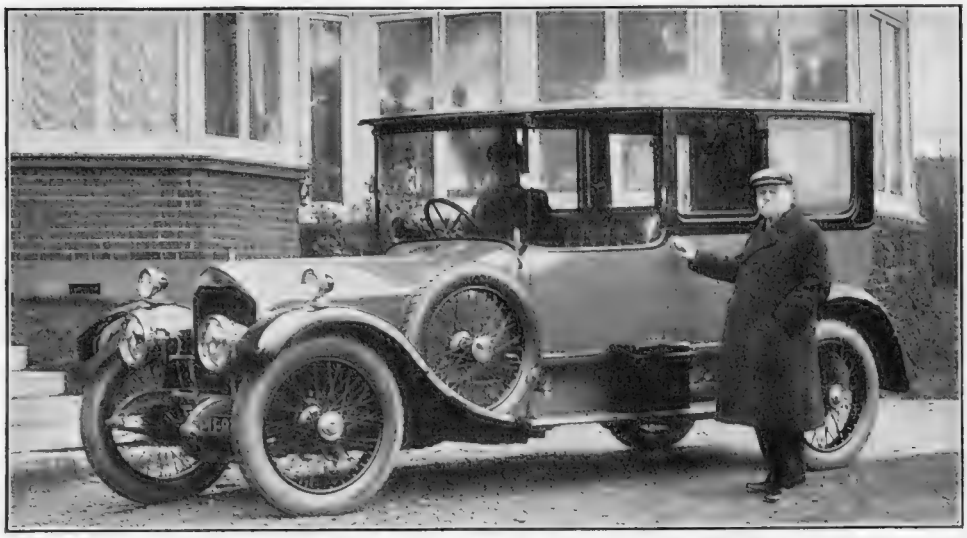
You may have observed thoroughbred hackneys at horse shows, standing, and being put through their paces. Teach your Dog so to comport himself in the Ring, and you may be certain of his winning every card he deserves.

Mark out a Ring in a convenient field, or on the lawn. A few sticks and a ball of string will serve. Enlist a helper or two, to figure as judge, stewards, audience, etc., possibly to lead another Dog or two. Anybody at all can fill the bill, and it's well to make the rehearsals as realistic as may be.

Then give your Dog half an hour's schooling in Ring-craft, morning and afternoon. Let there be no penalties and no scoldings; and if you can't rely on your own good humour, don't tackle the job at all. But by all means let there be little rewards, pettings, and praisings. Make entertainments of the rehearsals. Perfect standing and perfect moving (walk, trot, and canter); all on the lead and within the Ring; including, in particular, perfect standing during examination (by your confederate posing as Judge); head and muzzle handling, and the like. That's what you have to teach; and, giving patience and good humour, it's as simple as shelling peas; although in the upshot it's worth—well, it's worth "cards," as I've proved many a time.

The special points admired (*a*) in your Dog, and (*b*) in his Breed, you will consider and know how to display. Of all Dogs, it may be said they should be schooled to enter the Ring as with gladness and confidence and gallantry; as though they liked no place better. The Dog who's been taught to swagger, throw a chest like a drum sergeant's, and to think he owns the Ring—he's the lad for the "cards"!

MOTOR NOTES



STILL GOING STRONG

Mr. E. W. Brooks of Grays, Essex, who, although in his ninetieth year, is still a keen motorist. He is seen beside his 40-50 h.p. six-cylinder Napier which he has lately acquired

According to our contemporary, the *Autocar*, French manufacturers are showing a good deal of apprehension at the tendency of certain motorists to use their four-wheel brakes constantly for stunt performances. This is, indeed, asking for trouble and for getting their back tanks stoved in by following traffic. In my opinion, four-wheel brakes will bring into use in this country both front and back collision guards so commonly used in America. In fact, whether you have a car fitted with four-wheel brakes or not, if these quick-stopping appliances are not used with great moderation, there will be lots of smashes. Hence these collision buffers ought to be fitted on all vehicles. The trouble is that £8 or £10 is quite a lot of money to pay for them, but possibly at the next Olympia pleasure-car exhibition, we shall find these added to the equipment without extra charge by the manufacturer. In the meantime, the motorist who has any respect for his vehicle will fit them himself or get them fitted.

* * *

An Italian motorist recently emulated the feats that used to be a common practice of Mr. H. R. Pope on his Itala cars, of racing railway trains. This particular owner made a bet of 10,000 lira that he would beat the Milan-Rome express on a 350 mile run from Parma to Rome on his 10-15 h.p. Fiat. He succeeded in defeating the express train by forty-seven minutes—an excellent performance. Knowing the journey, I can only hope that he was well provided with soft cushions, as the roads are anything but smooth. As a matter of fact, I do not suppose there was much traffic about, and his only trouble was with goats or other animals driven on the road by their herders. Anyway, no accidents or troubles seem to have occurred on this occasion, and it only shows that the standard car is really a very efficient vehicle to-day, but we do not want Fiat owners trying to do the same feats in England where the wheeled traffic is one hundred times greater on our highways than it is in Italy.

* * *

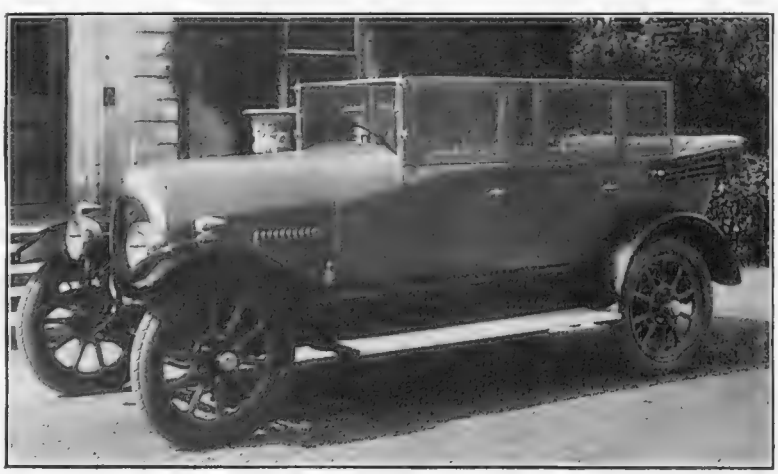
The British Empire Exhibition hopes to attract 30,000,000 people to Wembley this year. How they are going to get there I do not know, but it seems to me as if the motor charabanc and motor-coach will have to play a big part in shifting such a big crowd as this from all parts of the Kingdom, however helpful the railway companies may be. Of one thing I am certain, the Metropolitan and Underground will not be able to shift a million people a day—excellent as their organisation is—and that is what it will have to do. It is also going to be a motor exhibition, as, in the section reserved by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, we are going to have a summer motor show. Already thirty-three manufacturers of private cars, eighteen builders of commercial motor vehicles, and some twenty cycle and motor-cycle firms are to be represented, while those who have not yet expressed their desire to exhibit will no doubt communicate during the next few weeks with the secretary of the S. M. M. T., at 83, Pall Mall, S.W. 1, and book their space. Only British goods can be exhibited, but as the term "British goods" includes any article that is composed of materials and labour of which 65 per cent. or more has been carried out and made in Great Britain and the British Empire, cars like the Willys-Overland, which is 75 per cent. British made, are eligible.

* * *

I was present recently at a demonstration at the back of the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn, of the Antifyre pistols, a very handy type of fire-extinguisher. It consists of a cartridge, something like that used in a pom-pom, which fits into a pistol holder, and which, when the trigger is pulled, ejects the dry powder contained in the cartridge. This powder, which is of a chemical nature, instantly extinguished the fires at the demonstration, which were kindled for the most part of blazing tarred wood and petrol. The extinguisher has a range of some 50 feet, and seems most effective. The lady who demonstrated the device proved that undoubtedly the Antifyre pistols could successfully tackle the usual domestic conflagration at its start, which, after all, is what it was designed for. As it is only quite a small thing, it can be carried just as easily on a car as hung up on the wall in the house, and one of its excellent qualities is that the powder itself is perfectly harmless and does no damage to either fabrics or metals on which it may be "shot" when put into use.

* * *

Motor-racing has been taking place in South Africa during the last few months, at which some very interesting and sensational record-breaking has taken place. One of the items was Mr. F. B. Adair's Durban - Johannesburg record, accomplished on a Dunlop-tyred 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall car in the wonderful time of 10 hrs. 11 mins. for the 406 miles over particularly bad roads. These gave a gruelling test for both car and tyres. Over the same distance in the light car class, Mr. Rose, driving a 23 h.p. Hupmobile car, also shod with Dunlop tyres, covered the distance in 12 hrs. 27 mins., another wonderful show. This rather upset Mr. Adair, so he subsequently attempted to beat the Hup. record, and selected an Essex car for the attempt. Knowing how bad the roads were, and having so successfully proved the standing-up qualities of the Dunlop tyres he used before, he took off the original foreign tyre equipment and replaced them with Dunlop. The result was that he made the long trip in the Essex in 10 hrs. 45 mins., getting very near to his time on the big Vauxhall. All of which brings great credit to the Dunlop Company in producing wheel coverings that will stand up to Colonial conditions under strenuous circumstances. Old Hy.



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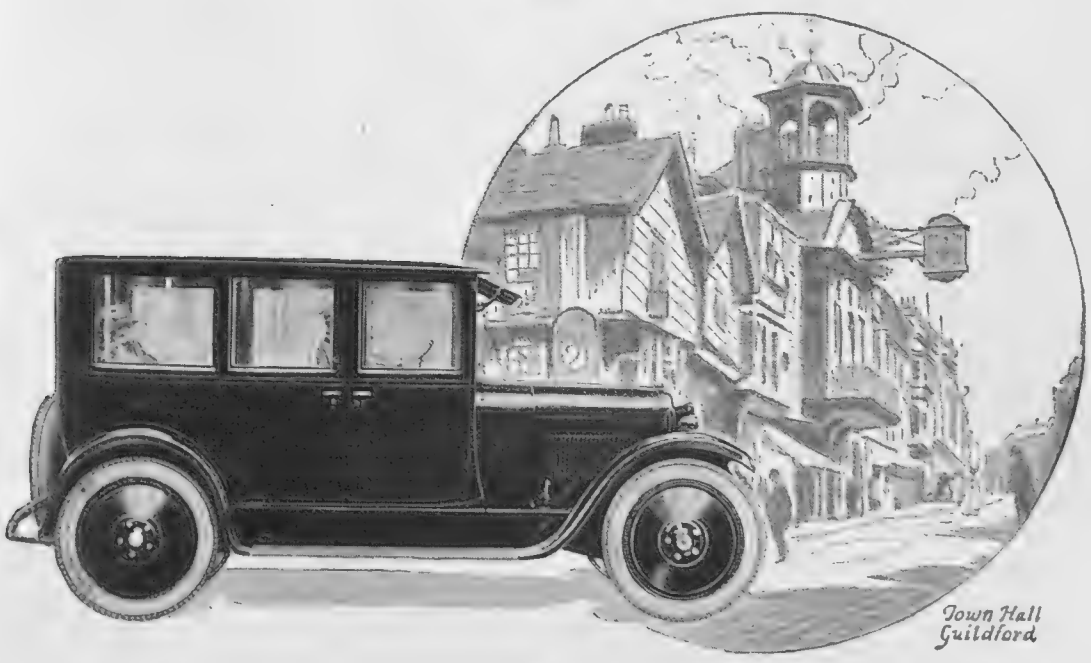

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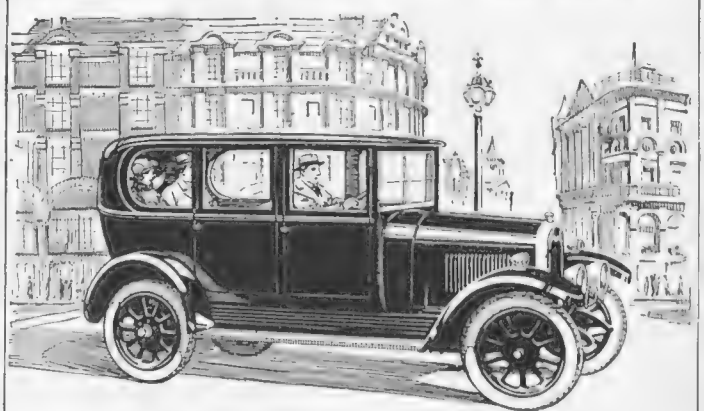

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ARCHITECT'S SUBSTANTIALLY CONSTRUCTED PRE-WAR RESIDENCE, occupying a high, healthy position in the centre of a select and populous district, with a working class district nearby. 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 6 bedrooms, box-room, kitchen, scullery, pantry, etc.

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B161. BLEACHED IRISH LINEN DAMASK CLOTHS AND NAPKINS. Good wearing quality. Design: Spot Centre and Stripe Border. Suitable for hotels and restaurants. Sizes: 2 x 2 yds., **19/-** each; 2 x 2½ yds., **23/11** each; 2 x 3 yds., **28/9** each.

B162. NAPKINS TO MATCH. Sizes: 22 x 22 ins., 6 for **10/6**; 24 x 24 ins., 6 for **12/4**.

LINEN SHEETS.

B163. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN HEAVY BLEACHED IRISH LINEN SHEETS, WILL GIVE EVERY SATISFACTION. Sizes: 2 x 3 yds., **45/9** each; 2½ x 3 yds., **56/3** each.

PILLOW CASES.

B164. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN HEMSTITCHED LINEN PILLOW CASES. Size: 20 x 30 ins., **4/6** and **4/11** each.

Sale List 44T sent post free. Delivery of goods guaranteed. Carriage paid on all orders over 20/- in U.K.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd

Linen Manufacturers,

BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND.

Also at Regent St., London, and Church St., Liverpool.

Sculpto SLENDERS

THE fashionable "line" of slenderness can be every woman's—a packet of **Sculpto** dissolved in the morning bath, and a striking reduction is guaranteed within 2 or 3 weeks.

FAR from being injurious, **Sculpto** actually tones up and invigorates the system, and is guaranteed not to affect the heart. For those only desiring localised treatment, **Sculpto** will be found most efficient and easy to apply. My Clients have assured me that it actually produces elasticity and springiness of the body—they are able to walk better and without so much fatigue.

DON'T let the failure of other preparations lead you to believe that thinness is impossible. Send for a supply of **Sculpto**, post free, **15/6** (per 12-bath package). Persevere with it for a fortnight or so, and then find slimness an accomplished fact.

N.B. — **Sculpto** is equally efficacious for men.

Obtainable only from—
Madame Elvira, 4a, Lower Belgrave St., Victoria, S.W.1.

Foster Clark's Cream Custard

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD.

Reduced Prices. Family tins, 11½d. Packets, 9½d Small Packets, 4d., 1½d., 1d

FOR PARTIES & DANCES

CATTLE DISEASE.

WHEN HUNTING IS STOPPED turn your thoughts to

WINTER SPORTS

in Switzerland.
FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, BRITISH VISITORS, BRITISH CONTROL.
Inclusive rates quoted, and full particulars from
ALPINE SPORTS, LTD.,
(Chairman—SIR HENRY LUNN).
Head Office: 5, Endsleigh Gdns., London, N.W.1.
West End Office: 2R, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW.

Easily done at home. 9d. Ball, sold everywhere. Sample 2d. stamp. Chivers, 74 Albany Works, Bath.

The **"Ashcroft"** *Boiler.*

This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

Size of Boiler	To Heat 4 in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1 12in. x 8in.	40ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 19 0
,, 2 12in. x 12in.	60ft.	1in.	4in.	£3 17 4
,, 3 12in. x 16in.	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£4 12 8
,, 4 16in. x 12in.	120ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£7 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	160ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£9 11 0
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	200ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£11 19 0
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	240ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£14 11 4

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 1 Boiler,	11	x 11	x 8	No. 1 Boiler,	20	x 20	x 10
,, 2 ,,	11	x 16	x 8	,, 2 ,,	25	x 25	x 10
,, 3 ,,	11	x 21	x 8	,, 3 ,,	28	x 28	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
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Telegrams: "NEWTON, SHEFFIELD." Estab. 1793. *Telephone No. 2300 (two lines.)*

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WALPOLES

WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD

89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8.
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Established 1766.

WINTER SALE

BLOUSES, FROCKS
Household Linens, Lingerie
THROUGHOUT JANUARY.
SPLENDID BARGAINS

BS 40.

NEW FROCK OF RICH IVORY SILK BRITISH CREPE

with striped collar, cuffs and tie in perfect taste. The fashionable low waist line is finished with a self belt to button. A model possessing the well-known "Walpole" features, perfect cut, excellent workmanship, and a material that retains its freshness to the end. Stripes: Cherry, Saxe, Tan, Nigger, Mauve, Lemon, Navy, and Black.

Sale Price **79/6**

SALE CATALOGUE
will be sent Post Free.
WE PAY CARRIAGE TO
addresses in British Isles.

The CLASSIC CALCOTT

Come in out of the Cold

THE extra passenger in a two-seater car is out in the cold both socially and physically. The same wind which whirls away his efforts at conversation, whistles round his knees, and it needs only rain to complete his discomfort. The 10.5 h.p. "Chummy" Calcott has been designed to rescue the extra passenger from his frigid isolation. Built into the body of the car, completely enclosed by the hood and side screens, it offers the third (or fourth) member of the party all the protection and comfort afforded by a four-seater car. Price complete, £285. 10.5 h.p. Two-seater, £265.

Dunlop Tyres are fitted as standard.

Write for Catalogue, illustrating all Models.

CALCOTT BROS., LTD., COVENTRY.
Established 1885.

London Agents: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., 91, New Bond St., W.1 (corner of Oxford St.), Distributors, Service and Spare Parts.

H.P.

WOOLLANDS

QUALITY SALE

DAILY until JANUARY 31

Sale Bargains in "May Queen" Corsets.

No. 60.—"May Queen" Corset in good quality White Satin, very low in bust and long over hips, daintily finished with soft Net and Satin Ribbon, 2 sets of Suspenders.
Usual price 63/-
Sale Price 49/6

No. 61.—Sports Belt in Tricot, with Elastic at top and sides, useful for Riding. Can be had in Pink and White.
Sale Price 25/9

No. 99.—New Tricot Corset, low bust and long below waist, Satin finish. In White or Pink.
Reduced to 22/9

No. 63.—Corset Belt in Pink Silk Tricot, lightly boned, suitable for Evening wear, 2 sets of Suspenders.
Sale Price 39/6

Many Attractive Half-Price Bargains on Thursdays.

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

How to have Smooth White Arms

Absolutely Free of All Hair Growth

Nothing is so repellent and disillusioning as hair growth on the arms of a woman. Every suggestion of daintiness is instantly destroyed. For removing objectionable hair growths of any kind there is nothing so effective and pleasant to use as Veet. Veet is a new perfumed velvety cream that has entirely superseded noxious, dangerous depilatories. It is far better than scraping razors which only make the hair grow faster and thicker each time they are used. Whereas ordinary depilatories and razors merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. It is as easy to use as a face cream. Simply spread it on as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic. The many and obvious uses of Veet will appeal to all women. Satisfactory results guaranteed in every case or money is returned. Veet may be obtained for 3/6d. at all chemists, hairdressers and stores or it is sent post paid in plain wrapper for 4/-. (Trial size post paid for 6d. in stamps). Dae Health Laboratories (Dept. 206, L.), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1.

The Pink Young Man in Business

Not in social life only does a pink and well-shaved face make a good impression. Hard-headed business men are just as impressionable. Who has not seen the pink young salesman get a second interview with the old man when there was nothing in the line he was pushing to justify it?

Colgate's Handy Grip Shaving Stick gives that fresh look to the face that makes friends everywhere.

Price 1/3 everywhere *Refills 1/-*

COLGATE'S HANDY GRIP

The Refill Shaving Stick

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this coupon (or mention this paper) with your name and address, and enclose 2d. stamp to Colgate & Co., as under, and you will receive a generous trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick free. Colgate & Co. (Dept. S.24), 46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD FILTER

Filter Cylinder

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER

-makes delightful and digestible dishes

GENUINE INDIAN FLAVOUR

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from ASTHMA, CATARRH or ORDINARY COLDS.

Buy a tin to-day at your chemists.

4s. 6d. a tin

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

Evan Williams

MAKE YOUR HAIR BEAUTIFUL.

Write to-day for free Booklet—The Henna Cult of Hair Beauty.

EVAN WILLIAMS CO., LTD., Dept. B. 14, Union St., London, W.1

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers

HENNA SHAMPOO

Real HARRIS, LEWIS, and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS

Direct from the Makers.

The Aristocrat among Tweeds for Sporting Suits

S. A. NEWALL & SONS, 72, Stornoway, SCOTLAND.

Patterns on request stating Shade desired, and if for Lady or Gent.

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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

THE LAXATIVE FRUIT LOZENGE for CONSTIPATION

GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

3/- Per Box of all High-Class Chemists

Wholesale - 67 Southwark Bridge Rd London SE

DAILY GRAPHIC

FREE MEAL AND RELIEF FUND

FOR

HUNGRY WOMEN AND CHILDREN, UNEMPLOYED EX-SERVICE MEN AND OTHER NECESSITOUS POOR

Subscribing Patrons:

H.M. THE KING.

H.M. THE QUEEN
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA
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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

THE sales are drawing to a close in a further rush of reductions, and not a few are over, the short, sharp clearances of a week or fortnight's duration being more apparent this year than ever before. That held by Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, as usual, was a record affair, irresistible bargains causing the house to be besieged from start to finish. And these people now, like their *confrères*, are busy garnering fresh stock for the busy season expected with so many Colonials coming over for the Wembley Exhibition.

Still Running

PROMINENT among those, however, who carry on to the end of the month is Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East. This is one of the few sales where one sees as many men as women, the former having strong opinions of their own on the quality, kind and comfort-giving capacity of armchairs, lounges, dining-room and study furniture. And they are frequently equally sensitive as to artistic colour schemes. There is, moreover, a considerable upheaval going on in connection with furniture just now, the imperative demand for smaller houses and flats exacting smaller and more adaptable pieces. And that is a matter Hamptons have gone into thoroughly, their modern furniture, built in many instances after old-time periods, coming second to none, the value being very much enhanced during January by the appreciable reductions. A handsome stuff-over deep-seated settee, upholstered all hair, and covered with the finest quality cretonne, the loose cushions and back filled down, drops from £35 to £28 15*s*., a deep-seat easy chair to match being reduced from £16 15*s*. to £12 15*s*.

Turning over the leaves of the lavishly illustrated catalogue is a veritable education in values, and one that brings a very clear realisation of the thought expended by these great furnishing experts on reproduction work. Those who furnish throughout at Hamptons invariably furnish well, and get, moreover, the fullest value for every penny expended. Clearing out the whole of their surplus stock of wallpapers, the opportunity of securing these at give-away prices is stupendous. Several attractive and artistic designs are at 1*s*. the piece, varnished tile papers for bathrooms being reduced from 4*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. the piece.

The carpets, again, are renowned, and the reductions placed on these goods give no idea of their actual high-grade quality, a further irresistible temptation occurring in cretonnes, sample illustrations in the catalogue evidencing the splendid taste obtaining in designs and colourings. Supremely effective for curtains and hangings is one example printed in carefully chosen colours on buff, yellow and orange grounds, and this clearing spirit is maintained throughout the establishment, down to aluminium saucepans and a remarkable vacuum cleaner. So don't forget to send for the catalogue.

Everything for Maids

FAR more attention is paid nowadays to the correct garbing of maids, and directly a door is opened by some neat-handed Phyllis, one gets the index at once of a well-ordered establishment. A definite colour scheme is usually carried throughout the household, completed by dainty *lingerie* aprons and caps. And right in the forefront as specialists on the subject come Garrould's, Edgware Road. Here there is choice of most prolific character, and, moreover, at prices that compare more than favourably with the other houses. Selling the vast quantities they do, this firm can afford to do so at lower rates, while maintaining at the same time a very high standard of quality.

Illustrated is an example of what they are able to turn out in the guise of a smart spot muslin apron, trimmed lace, at 3*s*. 6*d*., the accompanying white lawn coronal cap, priced at only 1*s*. 0½*d*., a longer and plain muslin apron with embroidery bib and *bretelles* being marked at 2*s*. 11½*d*., this being worn with a large mob cap of white lawn, daintily decked with embroidery at 1*s*. 11½*d*. Then the dresses supplied by this house and ready to be stepped into are marvels of cheapness, models stocked in mercerised poplin, cashmerette, etc., in black and navy, ranging in price from 14*s*. 11*d*. And these goods are sent on approval when desired, together with specially illustrated leaflets and the full, comprehensive catalogue of all nursing and hospital requirements.

MODES FOR MAIDS

One of the becoming designs for a parlour-maid's uniform executed by Messrs. E. and R. Garrould, of 150, Edgware Road, W. 2. The apron is of spot muslin trimmed with lace, and is worn with a white lawn coronal cup

A SMART AND INEXPENSIVE HAT

A becoming hat of multi-coloured bast interwoven on silk. Encircling the crown is a band of the same material with a binding of ribbon arranged in two small wings on either side. This hat, which is shown by Messrs. Henry Heath of 105, Oxford Street, W., is priced at £4 10*s*.

Dry Cleaning for Motor Car Upholstery

THE interior of our cars to-day are quite as much a consideration as the outward aspect of the body. The former have been gradually growing in luxury, and the delicate neutral shades now employed for coverings has brought to the fore that the old-established firm of Messrs, Eastman undertake the cleaning of these in a few days.

To meet this need, they have made special garaging arrangements for cars during this dry cleaning process, which is covered by insurance. In addition to the unsightliness of grubby upholstery, it is a serious menace to

delicate, light-coloured clothes. And detachable washing covers have always a rather untidy appearance besides hiding up the handsome upholstery.

This is not, however, quite such an innovation as it sounds. Messrs. Eastman have been undertaking the cleaning of motor-car upholstery for ten years. But the increase of cars and the greater volume of business has rendered it necessary to extend the branch very considerably of late. Hence the facility and excellence with which the work is carried out.

Messrs. Eastman's works are at Acton Vale, W.5., but they have 220 branch shops in London and its suburbs, from which full particulars can always be obtained.

Known at Home and Abroad

HAVING been established twenty-eight years, and claiming to have built up in that time a larger business than any other firm of hair-workers, the Universal Hair Company are most appropriately titled. Their West End branch is 1, Berners Street, and very accessible, where clients can be seen any day from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and Saturdays to 1 p.m. Here there can be personally viewed the remarkable transformations, semi-transformations, and *toupets* which this *postiche* house are able to bring out at prices available to moderate purses. The example pictured of a full transformation that can be arranged with either a side or front parting is only 6 guineas, a semi-transformation costing a guinea less, and a *toupet* only £2 10*s*. 9d., in addition to which the Universal Hair Company are particularly renowned for the variety and quality of their switches. The special "Forme" coil is made entirely without a seam, and is exceptionally easy to affix, this, according to length, ranging from 9*s*. 3*d*., and it is of pure long hair. But all the switches are very marvels of cheapness, hair used throughout without pad or rizette, a feat only possible when human hair is bought in large quantities. Or the company are pleased to make up ladies' own combings at a like moderate rate, a further concession, and one much appreciated, permitting goods to be sent on approval upon receipt of half the listed price, which is refunded—less the postage—if the transaction does not go through—a very remote contingency. And just a final word of some cute little side-pieces they have recently devised to give that fashionable bobbed appearance to the head and to avoid cutting the hair.

AN EFFECTIVE TRANSFORMATION

An excellent example of the art of the Universal Hair Company, of 1, Berners Street, is that pictured above. The example is of a full transformation which defies detection, that can be arranged with either a side or a front parting

Utility and Daintiness

AS we grow older we grow wiser and accept without demur the worth of warm wool underwear. But the young people are frequently inclined to ignore the need until they are pulled up sharp by a bad chill, mainly because these necessary garments are so often severe and almost ugly. And there is really no good reason why wool underwear should be merely utilitarian. If that were the case a garment reaching from neck to calf would suffice. But fashion has a big word to say in the matter, and demands beauty as well, a decree the makers of "Pesco" pure wool underwear fully appreciate, and to which

(*Continued on page x*)

MELOX PUPPY

MELOX PUPPY BISCUITS DE LUXE

The Dainty and Nutritious Dog Food

These biscuits are so light, crisp and dainty, so different from the usual big unappetising dog biscuits, that they find immediate favour with all dogs. They are always eaten with avidity and thoroughly enjoyed.

In combination with these appetising qualities, Melox Puppy Biscuits de Luxe are guaranteed to contain the finest ingredients only, and to possess most highly nutritious properties that will build bone and muscle, give added gloss to the coat, and improve the dog's digestive organs.

The biscuits, therefore, provide everything necessary to keep your dog perfectly healthy, and render table feeding quite unnecessary.

Made by the manufacturers of the world-famous dog foods—

MELOX & MELOX MARVELS

W. G. Clarke & Sons, Ltd.
Limehouse, London, E.14

Sold by all Corn Merchants, etc., in 1/- Cartons containing 2 lb. NET weight. See the name "Melox Puppy" on every biscuit and note the distinctive shape.

The Very Latest Mode

Hand-painted Satin Shoes to match one's Gowns——

A NEW and charming conceit. With shoes hand-painted to match—to *really* match—you can turn even the simplest gown into a creation.

Any style of shoe—in the famous Babers fittings—can be supplied and any pattern or colours matched. The paint used is washable, possesses a wonderful luminosity, and will not fade, crack or peel off.

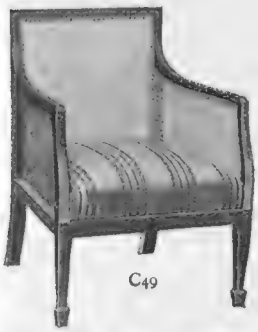
The beauty and distinction of shoes decorated in this manner must be seen to be believed. Their cost is not high. You are cordially invited to call and inspect specimens.

BABERS, 309, Oxford St., London, W.1

Babers Limited, Jersey. (Opp. D. H. Evans). Tel.: Mayfair 1323.

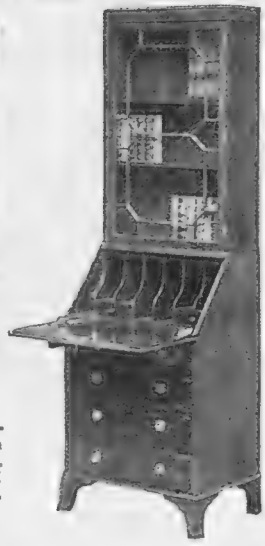
TO-DAY and until 26th inst. HAMPTONS GREAT Furnishing SALE

secures to every customer values in House FURNISHINGS which are never equalled elsewhere.

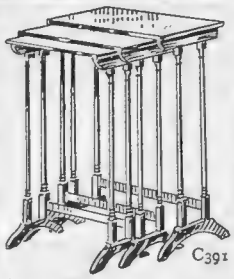


C49. **30 Carved Mahogany Bergere Easy Chairs,** as illus. Back and sides caned. Upholstered seat covered various materials. **Reduced from 10/- to 85/-**

C33. **40 Fireside Chairs,** covered with Hide, with loose feather seat cushion covered with Velveteen. **Clearing at £3 19 6** each.



C46. **10 Mahogany Bureau Bookcases.** Top part fitted with two adjustable shelves. Lower part with interior as shown, four drawers below. Automatic fall. Size 2 ft. wide. **Reduced from £21 17 6 to £16 17 6**



C391. **33** sets of **three Mahogany Tables,** as illustrated. **Reduced from £5 7 6 to 95/-**

C50. **15 Carved Mahogany Bergere Settees,** as illustrated. Caned back and sides. Upholstered seat covered with various materials. 4 ft. wide. **Reduced from £9 5 0 to £6 17 6**

C68. **30 Mahogany Sutherland Tea Tables.** Size when open, 28 in. by 22 in., 24 in. high. **Clearing at 59/6** each.

C 69. **40 Oak Smokers' Stands** fitted with China Ash Trays, 28½ in. high. **Clearing at 14/6** each.

C 70. **35 Mahogany Smokers' Stands** fitted with China Ash Trays. 28½ in. high. **Clearing at 23/6** each

For illustrations of C65, C69 and C70, see Sale Catalogue.

C391. **12 Mahogany Dwarf Bookcases,** as illustrated. With three adjustable shelves. Size 3 ft. 6 in. **Reduced from £12 2 6 to £9 15 0**

C381

C47. **255 Deep seated Oak adjustable Chairs,** as illustrated, with cushions covered in Corduroy. Fitted with paper rack and folding coffee tray. **Reduced from 75/- to 52/6**

C67. **19 Mahogany Cake Stands.** **Clearing at 18/-** each.

C63. **24 Oak Bookcases.** Size 3 ft. 4 in. high, 2 ft. 6 ins. wide. **Clearing at 49/6** each.

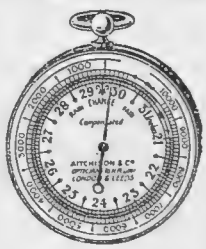
For illustrations of C67 and C63 see Sale Catalogue.

For illustrations and full particulars of many other equally great bargains in FURNITURE, CARPETS, FURNISHING FABRICS, LINEN WALLPAPERS, ANTIQUES, CHINA, IRONMONGERY, etc., see

HAMPTONS' Sale CATALOGUE, sent free. Pall Mall East, LONDON, S.W.1

This is one of the posters in the Hospita's Competition for which Bovril Limited have presented £30,000 in Prizes.

Two Useful Instruments for the Waistcoat Pocket.



ANEROID BAROMETER.

This thoroughly reliable and fully compensated aneroid barometer should find a place in the equipment of every tourist or sportsman. It is very sensitive, and although pre-eminently designed for recording heights, it can also be used as an ordinary barometer. Gilt or oxidised revolving altitude scale measuring 8,000 to 10,000 feet. Diameter 1¾". Complete in leather case. *Packing and postage free.* **PRICE £1:10:0**

Send for fully illustrated lists of Binoculars, Telescopes, Opera Glasses, Barometers, Thermometers and Surplus War Stores. B. 36. Post free on application.

MARK VI COMPASS.

Purchased from Surplus War Stores, each one bears the Government inspection mark, testifying to its accuracy. A very serviceable and useful instrument. In watch size nickel hunter pocket case with luminous radium points and directional line for night reading. *PRICE, post free* **4/6**

FREE *at any of our branches, the "Sights of London" Booklet, being a profusely illustrated guide to our famous city. Call or send a postcard for your copy.*

AITCHISON

AND COMPANY LIMITED

CONSULTING OPHTHALMIC OPTICIANS

428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Established 1880. Opticians to H.M. Government.

Branches at LONDON, LEEDS, SWANSEA, and CANTERBURY.

Look for the Owl in the Window.

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

they respond by providing the daintiest of *dessous*. Their selection for the present year includes many charming styles which the most fastidious could not take exception to wearing, especially those of silk and wool that are at once comfortable, cosy and charming. The "Pesco" range covers the whole needs of the family, irrespective of sex or age, and their goods are obtainable from their agents everywhere, though should any difficulty arise a word to Scott and Co., Hawick, Scotland, will make you wise.

The Royal Blue Book

An interesting new feature of *The Royal Blue Book Court Guide for* 1924 (Kelly's Directories: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a list giving names and particulars of golf clubs within week-end reach of London. The names of club secretaries are given, with subscriptions and green fees of each club. The main bulk of this useful reference book is still, of course, "the names and addresses of occupiers of better-class private houses in the area bounded by Hampstead, the Chelsea Reaches, Bloomsbury and West Kensington," but there is a fund of further information in the Royal Households, the theatre supplement (plans of all the West End houses) and officials of the various public offices. The elections, of course, made it impossible to include a list of new M.P.'s, but a Parliamentary supplement has been published, which is sent gratis to purchasers of *Kelly's London Directory, The Blue Book, and The Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes*. It may be also obtained separately for 1*s.*

With an Eye to Holidays

Loch, Mountain and Sea is the title of a comprehensive guide which the London, Midland and Scottish Railway Company are preparing for holiday-hunters. Not only will it be a guide to all the principal health and seaside resorts of Great Britain, but also to all boarding-houses, private hotels and farmhouses—for a complete list of all available accommodation in this category is to be included.

WHAT A SHOWROOM SHOULD BE

The luxurious London showroom of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, Ltd., at No. 15, Eastcheap. It has proved a great boon to Colonial and provincial customers, for not only can all the choicest products of Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, Lazenby, Keiller, and Cairns be seen in the utmost comfort, but letters may be written in the spacious writing-rooms, while telephone, trade and Post Office directories may be consulted in the reading room. So this is London's newest showroom!

Golf and the Property Market

In their review of the year 1923, Messrs. Harrods (Estate Department) have some interesting things to say on the factors which influence that very sensitive field, the property market. The report says: "Beyond everything as an attraction now appears to be the proximity to golf links. If only with an eye to ultimate realisation of their properties it would seem a good thing for owners to club together to provide golf courses in districts which at present have none. Golf seems to be the determining factor in scores of purchases, and this tendency is becoming more and more pronounced." Yet another sign of the times appears to be the enhanced value of the garage. "This new tendency," says Harrods' report, "is to consider 'house plus car,' and the motor-car is making possible the tenancy of houses that otherwise might have lacked buyers."

A Tip for the Table

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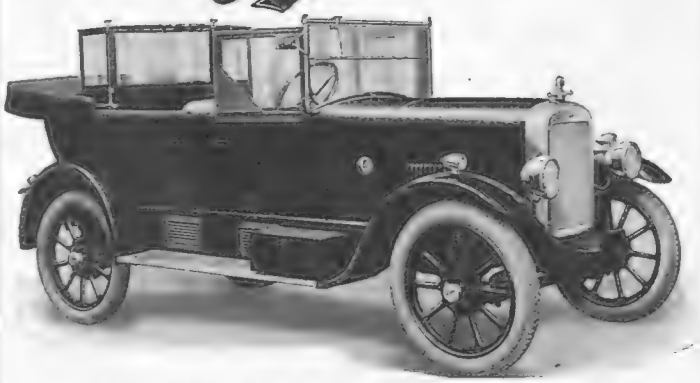

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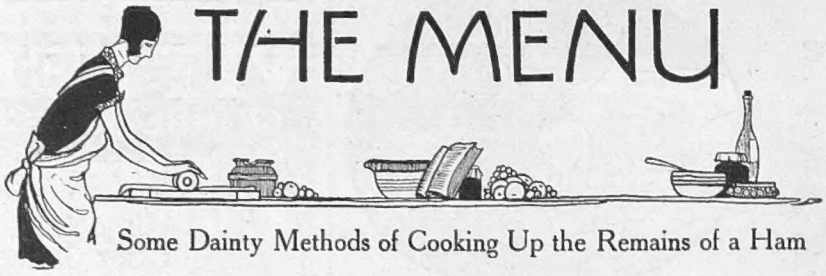


THE MENU

Some Dainty Methods of Cooking Up the Remains of a Ham

HAM CAKE
MOUSSE OF HAM
HAM ROLLS
SAVOURY HAM CREAMS
BEIGNETS OF HAM
HAM AND MACARONI

Ham Cake

A CAPITAL way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is to take 1 lb. of ham, fat and lean together, and pass it through a mincing machine. Soak a large slice of bread (without crust) in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add a little grated nutmeg and white pepper, and one egg well beaten. Put the whole into a mould and bake a rich brown.

Savoury Ham Creams

Cut up 6 ozs. of lean cooked ham, 2 oz. of cooked tongue, and pass both through the mincing machine. Then add half a pint of thick white sauce, two small ripe tomatoes, and one dessert-spoonful of chutney. Season to taste. Rub through a sieve. Mask some small moulds with aspic jelly, dissolve ¼ oz. of gelatine in remainder of jelly, and strain into the prepared mixture, stir well, and fill the moulds. When set, turn out and serve.

Mousse of Ham

Put through the mincing machine 4 ozs. of lean veal and ½ lb. of cooked ham. Stir in the yolks of three eggs, and three or four tablespoonfuls of white sauce. When well mixed, rub the mixture through a sieve, add half a gill of cream, seasoning, and the whisked whites of two eggs. Add another tablespoonful of cream. Put the purée into a buttered mould, and steam for about an hour. Turn out the shape on to a hot dish, and pour over a well-flavoured brown or white sauce.

Beignets of Ham

The batter for these is made as follows: Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in 2 ozs. of water, add 1½ ozs. of flour, and mix well over the fire, remove it, and stir in one after the other three eggs, a pinch of salt, cayenne, and ¼ lb. of finely grated ham. Have ready a stewpan of hot lard or clarified fat, throw in the batter in small tablespoons at a time, and let them fry a nice brown. They take about ten minutes and expand to six times the size. Dish up and serve very hot. N.B.—2 ozs. of water is four tablespoons.

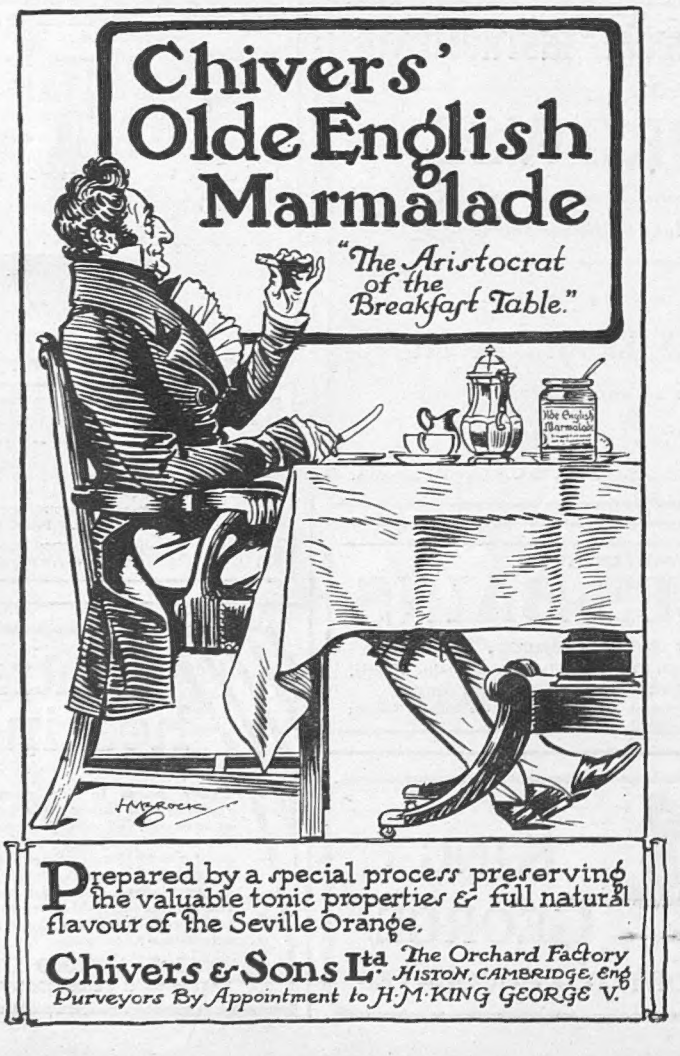
Ham Rolls

Mix ½ lb. of finely-chopped ham, (or if preferred it can be put through the mincing machine) with 4 ozs. of bread-crumbs, and two mashed potatoes. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan and add to it the mixture and three tablespoonfuls of white or brown sauce; when hot, stir in a well-beaten egg. Season with cayenne and a few drops of lemon-juice. Spread on to a plate and let cool. Shape the mixture into small rolls, brush over with egg, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in deep hot fat to a golden brown. This is one of the many delicious breakfast dishes which can be made from the remains of a ham.

Ham and Macaroni

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni, and let it get cold. Cut it into inch lengths. Mince finely ½ lb. of ham, and chop up one large onion. Put at the bottom of a pie-dish a layer of ham, seasoned with pepper and minced parsley, then a layer of macaroni, on which sprinkle some minced onion and 1 oz. of butter cut into small pieces. Continue putting more ham, macaroni, etc., in layers until the dish is filled, and then add a layer of white breadcrumbs, some more butter, and about a cupful of white sauce. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the top is nicely browned. EMILIA

N.B.—Emilia hopes some of the above recipes may be useful to those desiring to utilise the remains of a ham.



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